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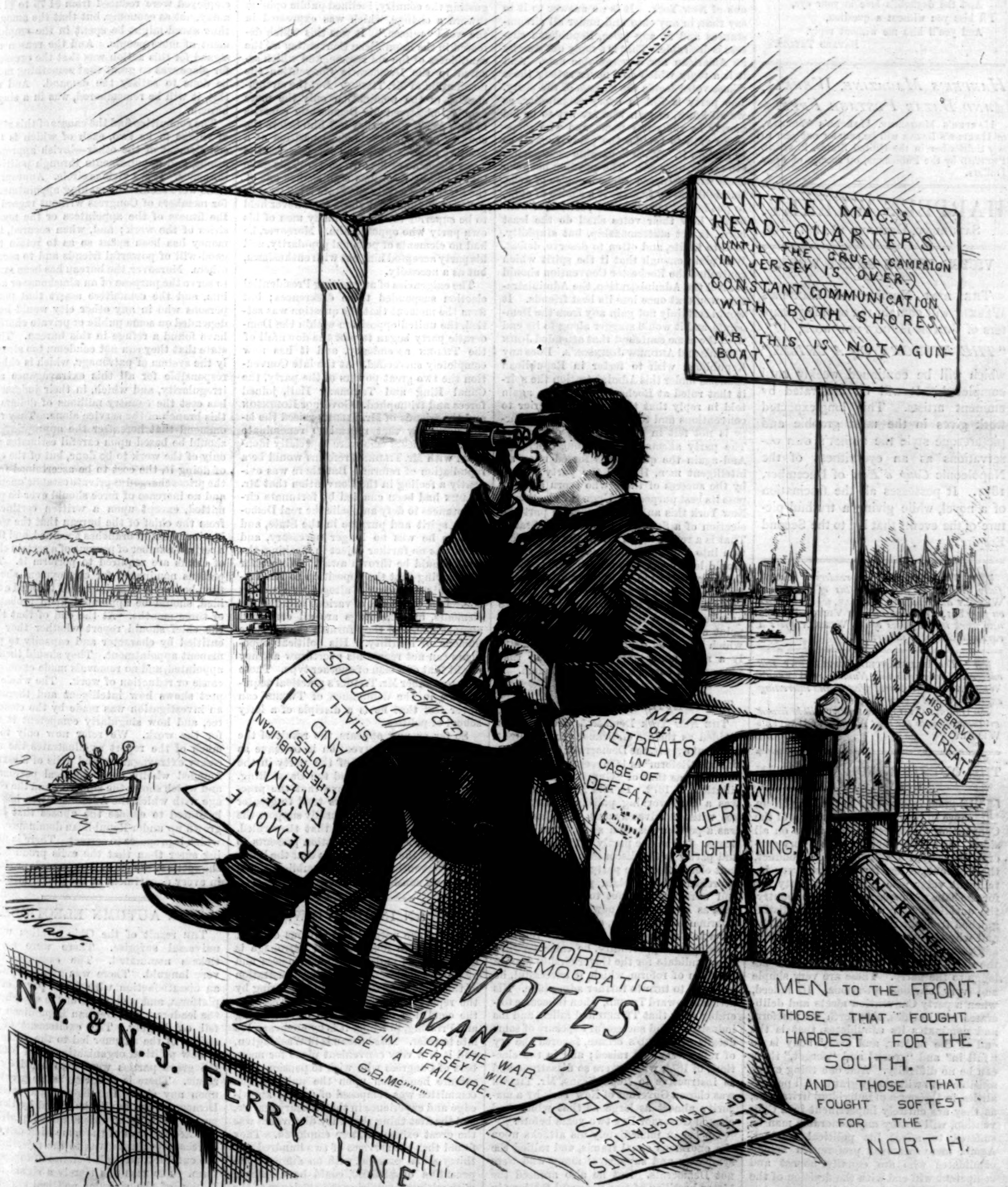
LITTLE MAC.'s HEAD-QUARTERS. (UNTIL THE CRUEL CAMPAIGN IN JERSEY IS OVER.) CONSTANT COMMUNICATION WITH BOTH SHORES. N.B. THIS IS NOT A GUN-BOAT.
"VICTORIOUS." G.B.Mc.
I SHALL BE AND REMOVE THE ENEMY (THE REPUBLICAN VOTES.)
MAP of RETREATS IN CASE OF DEFEAT.
NEW JERSEY LIGHTNING. GUARDS
HIS BRAVE STEED "RETREAT."
ON-RETREAT
MORE DEMOCRATIC VOTES WANTED, OR THE WAR IN JERSEY WILL BE A FAILURE. G.B.Mc'.....
RE-ENFORCEMENTS OF DEMOCRATIC VOTES WANTED.
MEN TO THE FRONT. THOSE THAT FOUGHT HARDEST FOR THE SOUTH. AND THOSE THAT FOUGHT SOFTEST FOR THE NORTH.
N.Y. & N.J. FERRY LINE
Th. Nast.

"ALL QUIET ON THE" HUDSON.

"MR." GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN IN HIS ELEMENT AGAIN—"RUNNING FOR SOMETHING."

TRUE LOVE'S TIME OF DAY.

WHEN shall I find you, sweetheart,
That shall be and must be mine?
I seek, though the world divides us,
And I send you the secret sign.

There's blood in the veins of morning,
So fresh it may well deceive,
When man goes forth as Adam,
And woman awaits him as Eve.

There's an elvish spell in twilight
When the bats of Fancy fly,
And sense is bound by a question,
And Fate by the quick reply.

And the moon is an old enchantress,
With her snares of glimmer and shade,
That have ever been false and fatal
To the dreams of man and maid.

But I'll meet you at noonday, sweetheart,
In the billowy fields of grain,
When the sun is hot for harvest,
And the roses athirst for rain.

With the daylight's truth on your forehead,
And the daylight's love in your eye,
I'll kiss you without a question,
And you'll kiss me without reply.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1877.

VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT WORK.

THE next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will contain the opening chapters of VICTOR HUGO's new work,

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME,"

which will be continued weekly until completed. It will be illustrated by eminent artists. This long-expected work gives in the most graphic and picturesque style the author's own observations as an eye-witness of the Napoleonic *Coup d'État* of December, 1851. It possesses all the fascination of a novel, while giving a truthful picture of the events that led to the Second Empire.

☞ *The attention of our readers is respectfully directed to the Prospectus of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *and* HARPER'S BAZAR, *which appears on page* 851. *The beginning of* VICTOR HUGO'S *new work in the pages of the* WEEKLY *offers a rare inducement to subscribers.*

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains several effective and interesting engravings, and a very pleasant story.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE QUESTION FOR VOTERS IN NEW YORK.

THE great injury done to the Republican cause in New York by the action of the Convention at Rochester is evident on all sides. At a time when there is a very general disposition for independent conduct, the Convention has forced upon every intelligent voter who acts with a party not for the sake of the party but of the country, the questions how a party can be distinguished from the regular action of a party, and why the party should be supported by any voter if the support necessarily tends to the defeat of the objects for which he belongs to the party. These are very simple and very obvious questions. If, indeed, when a party Convention meets and deliberates and decides, sets forth its platform and nominates its candidates, that is the end of the matter, and every body is to "fall in" and "work" and "forget," there can be no difficulty. And one thing every sensible man will gladly grant. All personalities, in the sense of individual irritations, as they are entirely impertinent in a Convention, will not by any honorable man be suffered to affect his political conduct. Again, mere personal preferences among candidates who are equally honest and competent will end with the decision of the Convention. But the question we are considering is very different from that.

To a very great body of Republicans the paramount political necessity of the time is cordial support of the policy of national pacification and administrative reform. They believe that to be the especial task of the Republican party, and they see the Republican Administration bent upon the good work. Now a Republican State Convention assembles. Its platform covertly condemns this course. Its managers sneer at it with every intemperance of language. The sneers are vociferously applauded. The Convention nominates candidates and dissolves. Now if hearty "working" and "falling in" and "forgetting" must necessarily lead to the continuance of the control of managers who thus belie the convictions and purposes, not the whims or personal preferences, of many Republicans, and if, still more, such working must end in the election of those who will obstruct and defeat the very purposes that such Republicans desire, can they wisely "fall in" and "work bravely" for results that they would deplore as disastrous to the country?

This is the question which the Rochester Convention has forced upon the Republicans of New York. It is no answer to it to say that, in any case and under all circumstances and at any price, Republican success is desirable. That is a reply not worthy an American nor a reasonable man. And it is a reply which will never satisfy those whose votes decide the success of the party. The party is full in every community, as we all know, of men who are not to be led merely by the party name, and who sometimes vote to rebuke the party as well as to sustain it. With honorable men parties are means, not ends. The question between them will often, indeed, be a choice of evils. But deliberately to make it a choice of evils, to put honest men into the position of wondering how their votes shall do the least harm, is not statesmanship, but stupidity. It is to invite, and often to deserve, defeat. It is plain enough that if the spirit which controlled the Rochester Convention should control the Administration, the Administration would at once lose its best friends. It would certainly not gain any from the Democrats, and it would stagger along to its end with the same contempt that attended JOHN TYLER's and ANDREW JOHNSON's. Does any Republican wish to foster in Republican counsels under this Administration the spirit that ruled at Rochester? Are we again told in reply that the party is superior to conventions and to persons? But the party is not felt in public affairs abstractly. The party affects affairs through persons. And again the question is forced upon all intelligent men, How is the party helped by the success of those who scorn and oppose its best purposes? Upon the election in New York this autumn depends in part the election of a Senator of the United States. That is a result which brings the State election into immediate national relations, and should lead every Republican who sustains the Administration to take great care that he does not vote so as to oppose it. On the other hand, there are very important State questions, and a Democratic success, as we point out elsewhere, would lead to results which would be deplorable. It is certainly a most lamentable statesmanship that plunges the voters into such a dilemma.

THE DEFEAT OF MR. TILDEN.

THE New York Democrats are as much divided as the Republicans. In the light of recent events, the Democratic cry of "TILDEN and Reform" in 1876 seems to have been as hollow as that of "GREELEY and Reconciliation" in 1872. In 1874 Mr. TILDEN, who was a hard-working politician, ambitious, yet without advancement, saw that there was a popular reaction against the Republicans. It was due partly to the hard times, and partly to the discontent of very important elements of the party, which saw with apprehension the plain party tendencies, and were resolved not to submit. There was, as Mr. TILDEN knew, a certain public weariness of old issues, and a disposition to try a new management of affairs. Skillfully using his opportunity, he came forward as a candidate for the Governorship upon a platform of reform, which, if successful, he intended to turn to further advantage. His attitude toward TWEED, when it became tolerably clear that TWEED had fallen, and his industrious and successful exposure of some details of TWEED's crimes, favored the cry of reform that he raised; and in the elections of 1874, which were so disastrous and so instructive to Republicans, Mr. TILDEN was chosen Governor of New York by a majority almost as large as that which had elected Governor DIX two years before.

He began immediately his attacks upon the enormous canal frauds, and rallied the sympathy and support of many who were not Democrats. But he also aroused the bitter hostility of two powerful factions in his own party—the Canal Ring and the late active Democratic leaders—who saw in Mr. TILDEN's great majority, in the popularity of his reforms, and in the general impression beyond the State that an able and honest Democratic statesman had suddenly appeared in New York, the dangerous probability of his nomination and election to the Presidency, and the consequent decline of their own power. Mr. TILDEN's course did not placate them. He sought to surround himself with men whom he could influence, many of whom owed their distinction to his favor, and who were consequently devoted to his fortunes. Mr. DORSHEIMER, a Republican and a "Liberal" of 1872, had passed into the Democratic party, and had been elected Lieutenant-Governor with Mr. TILDEN. In the following year Mr. TILDEN had procured the nomination of another late Republican, Mr. BIGELOW, as Secretary of State, and evidently relied upon such courses to secure Republican favor, while he depended upon Democratic discipline and the necessity of the case to secure the full support of his own party. Events favored his designs. The BELKNAP exposures, the Whiskey Ring suits, the BABCOCK trial, alarming and disgusting the country, inclined public opinion toward a change, which was expressed in the word "reform." It was this which defeated in the Republican Convention all the candidates of the old régime, and which secured in the Democratic Convention the nomination of Mr. TILDEN. But the circumstances of the nomination only the more deeply imbittered his Democratic enemies in New York, while they left him before the country in the advantageous position of a positive reformer, who had overpowered the baser elements of his own party. This gave him a wholly factitious significance out of the State; for within the State Mr. TILDEN's political methods and views were never held to be superior to those of many men of his own party who opposed him. Moreover, he had no elements of personal popularity, and his party accepted him, not with enthusiasm, but as a necessity.

The exigencies of an exciting Presidential election suspended these differences; but from the moment that the question was settled, the united opposition within the Democratic party began to plot the downfall of the TILDEN ascendency, and it has now completely succeeded. At the late Convention the two great powers of the party, the Canal Ring and Tammany Hall, joined forces and triumphed. Governor ROBINSON and the friends of Mr. TILDEN raised the issue distinctly that refusal to renominate the State officers who were especially identified with Mr. TILDEN's reforms would be a repudiation of reform. But there was evidently a feeling in the Convention that Mr. TILDEN had been enabled by fortunate circumstances to defy and belie the real Democratic spirit and purpose in the State, and that as he was no longer necessary, and there was no further object in masking, the mask should be thrown away. We are far from saying that the opposition to Mr. TILDEN in his own party is altogether a corrupt one. It is composed of various and distinct elements, but the rings are all combined against him, and they furnish the effective nucleus of hostility. His political opponents can not regret his overthrow as they might that of a man of another type. Those who remember Mr. TILDEN's practical acquiescence in the dominance of TWEED can never feel that he is a disciple of a lofty school of politics.

So far as now appears, the result of the late Democratic Convention is to leave as the controlling forces of the party in the State, Tammany Hall and the Canal Ring. Those citizens who believe that the practices of those two powers tend to greater purity of politics will naturally support the action of the Convention that they ruled. Indeed, the Albany Convention presents to Democrats the same dilemma that the Rochester Convention offers to Republicans, and which we consider elsewhere.

AN INSIDE VIEW.

ONE of the natural and obvious evils of a civil service founded upon patronage is the enormous multiplication of offices and of needless officers. A striking illustration of this abuse was furnished in the spring by the report of the committee to investigate the condition of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, to which it is by no means too late to refer. This bureau is in Washington, and it is a very convenient place for members of Congress who wish to pension their private henchmen upon the public. The committee was composed of men of knowledge and experience in the Treasury service, and the first thing that they discovered was the great excess of force employed. They found that the services of two hundred and thirty-seven persons, with an annual compensation of $136,000, could be dispensed with without impairing the efficiency of the bureau or changing the methods of doing business. Looking a little further, other reductions were found practicable, so that the figures were as follows: The number of persons employed, on the pay-roll of April 1, was nine hundred and fifty-eight. The number employed on May 1 was four hundred and nineteen. The total decrease was about fifty-six per cent. of the force of April 1, and the saving to the Treasury is about $390,000. The committee were of opinion that still further reductions were practicable, and that at least seventy more persons could be spared.

They give interesting details of the manner in which the work was done, and show that in some rooms the employés were in each other's way and actually hindered the work. This policy of overcrowding the bureau led to the spending of the enormous appropriation of $2,000,000 for the last fiscal year in a little more than seven months, and to the consequent stoppage of printing the public securities and the throwing out of employment of seventeen hundred persons. Another illustration of the working of this kind of civil service is found in the fact that in April of last year the wages of the women employed were reduced from $1 75 to $1 50 a day, not as economy, but that the amount thus saved might be spent in the employment of more people. And the reason assigned for this action was that the pressure for place was so great that something must be done to satisfy the demand. And all this, it will be remembered, was in a single bureau.

The committee find the causes of this state of things to be two, each of which is the complement of the other—lavish appropriations, and appointments through political influence. It is a vicious circle. Appropriations were secured by making appointments for members of Congress without regard to the fitness of the appointees or the necessities of the work; and, when secured, the money has been spent so as to retain the good-will of powerful friends and to secure others. Moreover, the bureau has been made to serve the purpose of an almshouse or asylum, and the committee assert that many persons who in any other city would have depended on some public or private charity, have found a refuge in this bureau. They state that they can not condemn too strongly the system of patronage, which is chiefly responsible for all this extravagance and irregularity, and which, in their judgment, has cost the country millions of dollars in this branch of the service alone. They recommend that hereafter the appropriations should be based upon careful estimates not only of the work to be done, but of the cost of doing it, the cost to be ascertained from the prices charged at private establishments; and no increase of force should ever be permitted, except upon a written certificate from the chief of the bureau that the work has increased in branches specified, and that a certain number of persons of a certain class of clerks are required to perform it. The persons nominated for employment should then be simply examined, and, if found qualified, should be appointed upon probation of three months. At the end of that time the chief should report whether they are entitled by character and capacity to permanent appointment. They should then be appointed, and no removals made except for cause or reduction of work. The whole report shows how intelligent and thorough an investigation was made by the committee, and how singularly competent it was for the work. We refer now only to so much of the report as illustrates the necessary extravagances and evils of a service founded wholly upon political patronage, and which shows the sincerity and the courage with which the Administration has not hesitated to expose the abuses that have grown up under Republican dominance, and which it proposes to correct. There is nothing surer than that the evils produced by the spoils system in this bureau are produced in every department of the government.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

THE result of the Ohio election was a universal surprise. There were several tickets nominated. The campaign was very languid. There was great Republican dissatisfaction with many parts of the platform, and with some of the speeches of the leaders. The German Republican vote fell off largely. The excitement of the strikes of the summer led to the formation of new political organizations, and both of the great parties were astonished by the result. There is and can be no great joy upon any side. Intelligent and patriotic Democrats can hardly be elated by the apparent victory of the financial platform, and Republicans of the same kind can easily reconcile themselves to the rejection of the extraordinary labor clause of their platform. The result is merely a signal illustration of the singular political situation, that disintegration of parties which the New York *Times* thinks is rapidly going on. It seems to show that party organization has not yet taken place upon the commanding and pressing questions of the time—a fact of which there are other illustrations than the result of the Ohio election.

The significance of the result as a verdict upon the course and spirit of the Administration is as obscure as every other aspect of it. It is stated by some correspondents that the action of the President toward the Southern States has alienated some Republican sympathy. But it is asserted by others that that action was most serviceable to the canvass. The civil service order is also mentioned as a cause of disaffection. And how about the Mexican policy? The truth is that there are almost as many reasons assigned for the result as there are persons who speculate upon it, while the only indisputable fact is the evident relaxation of party spirit. In Iowa there was the usual Republican victory. The Iowa platform was silent upon the President's course, and full of financial heresy. Is it therefore to be concluded that the Republican party is opposed to the Administration and in favor of the Iowa doctrines of the currency? It is plain that there are no indisputable conclusions to be drawn from the elections, as there are in a time when there is one great overshadowing issue, as in the earlier days of the Republican party, or during the war.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS POSITION.

Whoever in the course of the last year may have changed his political views and purposes, the President has not changed his. No man ever came into his high office with a more distinct and unmistakable declaration of purposes, and no President ever adhered more faithfully to the course he had laid down. Naturally those who honestly desire the results at which he aims, sustain him cordially, not because he is President, not because his course is the course of the Administration, but because his purpose and spirit command their entire sympathy. If he were pursuing another course, if he were cultivating sectional ill feeling, and degrading the civil service by devotion to the spoils system, the fact that he is President and the head of the Administration would no more silence the opposition of those who now support him than it now occasions that support. The President, indeed, is to a very powerful body of Republicans the representative of the most patriotic Republicanism. And those who proclaim an especial pride in the party should remember that such Republicanism and no other has a future.

The inaugural of the President was in entire accord with his letter of acceptance. If there has been any misunderstanding, he certainly is not responsible. And it is worth while, since he is pretty plainly accused of some kind of treachery, to see precisely what he said. After stating that the permanent pacification of the country upon principles and by measures that would secure equal rights is the paramount duty of the time, he proceeded to speak of the "wise, honest, and peaceful local self-government" which was not fully enjoyed in the Southern States, but which is indispensable to their welfare. He then defined such a government.

> "It must be a government which submits loyally and heartily to the Constitution and the laws—the laws of the nation and the laws of the States themselves, accepting and obeying faithfully the whole Constitution as it is."

The question of securing such governments, he said, transcended "all so-called party interests, and party lines may well be permitted to fade into insignificance." Finally he summed up his hopes and aims by saying:

> "The evils which afflict the Southern States can only be removed or remedied by the united and harmonious efforts of both races, actuated by motives of mutual sympathy and regard; and while in duty bound and fully determined to protect the rights of all by every constitutional means at the disposal of my Administration, I am sincerely anxious to use every legitimate influence in favor of honest and efficient local self-government as the true resource of those States for the promotion of the contentment and prosperity of their citizens. In the effort I shall make to accomplish this purpose I ask the cordial co-operation of all who cherish an interest in the welfare of the country, trusting that party ties and the prejudice of race will be freely surrendered in behalf of the great purpose to be accomplished."

There is no mistaking the spirit and aim of such a frank and patriotic declaration. And is there any Republican who will admit that in order to sympathize with such a purpose he must surrender any principle of his party? Those who think that the President has failed to use all his constitutional rights for the protection of the rights of any citizen are morally bound to protest; for nothing can be more pusillanimous than to hope that cowardice or the surrender of principle may "turn out well."

Not less clear and emphatic was his treatment of the reform of the civil service. He said that the reform demanded was not one of certain abuses of patronage only, but a change in the system of appointment itself, and that appointments were not to be made merely as rewards for party service, nor upon the nomination of members of Congress, as being entitled in any respect to the control of such appointments. Declaring that we ought to return to the principles and practices of the fathers of the government, he said:

> "They neither expected nor desired from public officers any partisan service. They meant that public officers should owe their whole service to the government and to the people. They meant that the officer should be secure in his tenure as long as his personal character remained untarnished and the performance of his duties satisfactory."

That the man who said this, if he were honest and courageous, would not countenance the office-holding management of politics, and that he would not allow that management to be protected by the plea of the personal character and satisfactory official performance of the managers, need no elucidation. There is, indeed, a transparent sophistry, which we have seen and heard repeated with emphasis, that upon his own principles the President can not remove any honest and efficient officer. But if that honest and efficient officer be the prop of the very evil which is to be corrected, the President can not carry out his principles without removing him. These things, plainly stated at the beginning of his administration by an equable and courageous man, necessarily involved a controversy. It began at once in the Senate, which cast upon the cabinet the unusual indignity of a reference to "the appropriate committees." Even the universal courtesy of confirmation of late members of the Senate without reference was disregarded. The purpose was plain, and it was firmly met. The President quietly stood fast, and he has continued to stand fast. The controversy is not ended. It will be continued with acrimony upon the part of those who oppose his purposes. But he has shown himself capable of differing with perfect dignity and courage. Let him stand fast, for his strength is the earnest sympathy of patriotic men.

TWEED'S CONFESSION.

The confession of Tweed has at last been published in full. It contains nothing, however, that had not been already made public, and the added details are of comparatively small importance. It tells the story of the conspiracy of the banditti and of some of their methods, especially of the bribery of certain persons in and out of the Legislature, whose names are plainly mentioned, with the amounts that were paid to them. It is a sordid and repulsive tale, especially when it is remembered what sophistries were in vogue even among decent people at the time of the ascendency of the Ring. There remains, of course, the question of the probable truth of the statement. No one would assert that it is wholly an invention, and it is impossible to regard it simply as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is one of the allegations that can be accepted only as it is confirmed by other evidence or by obvious probability. And there are few impartial persons who, upon reading it and upon considering all the circumstances, will be of opinion that Attorney-General Fairchild would have been justified in releasing Tweed.

There are parts of it, however, which will be accepted as true universally and unhesitatingly. There have been insinuations in regard to the election of Judges of Appeals and to the curious majorities which Judges Folger and Andrews received in certain districts absolutely controlled by the Ring. Tweed's story in the case of Mr. Folger is that members of the Ring and others desired the election of Mr. Folger, who was friendly to the Erie Railroad, if it could be accomplished without sacrificing any Democratic judge. There were various meetings and plans among the confederates, and arrangements were completed for the fraudulent vote. But not only is Mr. Folger not personally implicated, Tweed distinctly declaring that he had no personal interview or business relations of any kind with him, but the character of Judge Folger would instantly redeem him from any such expression if it were made. If the conspirators thought that their increasing the vote of Mr. Folger would make him more tolerant of knavery, they undoubtedly judged him by themselves; but undoubtedly they showed, as such people always do, their inability to comprehend integrity and fidelity.

The same thing is as true in the case of Judge Andrews. There is no more sensitively honorable man in the State. One of Tweed's men named Norton told Tweed, as the latter now states, that he had done in certain wards for Mr. Andrews what had been done in others for Mr. Folger, and he further said, according to Tweed, that he had done it at the request of a law partner of Mr. Andrews. But Tweed is careful to say that he has no personal knowledge of all this. He lived in a web of lies, and as he lied to others, he knew that others lied to him. But here obviously he had no possible reason for lying, and when he says that he has no remembrance of ever seeing Mr. Andrews, and that he certainly never had any personal association with him, he says what nobody would think of doubting. We are very glad of the opportunity of saying this, which is furnished by the confession of Tweed, because in the discussion of decisions of the Court of Appeals, in some of the Ring and canal suits, we may have left upon the mind of some reader, what was certainly never in our own, some vague doubt or suspicion of the perfect rectitude of either of the gentlemen in question. They have made no explanation. They need no defense. If the character of a judge needs either, his usefulness is gone; and that none was needed in this instance is shown by the confession of Tweed.

There is one other important consideration in regard to this document, and that is the fact that the influences which were ascendant in the Democratic party in this State in the time of the Ring have once more obtained control of it, and a Democratic success in the election would be the triumph of the most reckless and dangerous elements in politics. This is a fact of paramount importance. These elements, coming into control of the Legislature, would politically apportion the State unscrupulously to favor their own prolonged ascendency, and they would prevent the submission to the people of the proposed amendments of the State Constitution. These would be far-reaching and enduring evils, and they can not be regarded with indifference even by Republicans whom the unfortunate policy of the Rochester Convention disposes to inaction. As it is, it is the Democratic and not the Republican management which has favored Republican success.

PERSONAL.

Senator Douglas's monument is at length to be pushed rapidly to completion. A new and stronger foundation is to replace the present one. It is sixteen years since the "Little Giant of the West" died in Chicago, at the early age of forty-five. He was Attorney-General of Illinois at twenty-two; Secretary of State at twenty-seven; Judge of the Supreme Court at twenty-eight; elected to Congress at thirty, and served four years; elected to the United States Senate at thirty-four, and served in that body until his death. He is the only person who ever entered upon a third term in the Senate, served fourteen years, and died at the age of forty-five.

—The report that Mr. Henry Calcraft is to succeed Mr. John T. Delane as editor of the London *Times* proves to be untrue. Mr. Delane's health has rendered further active work impracticable, and he has resigned. He is succeeded by Mr. Chenery, who for many years has been a leading contributor to the *Times*, and who was described by the late Mr. Mowbray Morris as "another Macaulay."

—Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, is coming home on the sick list. It must have amused him to read how a German comic paper accounts for his general accuracy about the war:

> "Dialogue between two War Correspondents.—Mr. Forbes meets Dr. Entoutcas in the street, and the following conversation takes place: 'Bon morning, Mr. Archibald; what mach you?' 'O, I am sehr very. Und you?' 'O, quasi! Segg mi, Mr. Archibald, wie mach you dat mit your fixity bei the Berichters?' 'O, very simple! I make meine Beschreibing of Slacht schon vorher fix and ferty. Dann I go to the Russian commandeur and segg to him, "Here is a fin description, nu maken sie mir mal 'ne Slacht danach." The Russian commandeur, being a gefällig man, erweist mi the little pleasure, and damit all right!'"

—Since the death of M. Thiers more than 14,000 of the balloon balls that are so popular in Paris have been decorated with the portrait of the deceased statesman.

—General Loring, late commander of the Egyptian army, is expected to meet his old comrades, the First (Confederate) Regiment of Tennessee, at Nashville on the 25th inst.

—Dr. Joyce, whose *Deirdré* was Boston's literary sensation last winter, is writing another epic, the theme of which is the ancient days of the Isle of Man—full of mystery, ghosts, and such.

—When Mr. Labouchere, the editor of that piquant paper, the London *Truth*, was in the diplomatic service, he was sent on a mission to some distant court. Some days after he should have reported himself, a telegram was sent to the court in question to inquire about him. He had not been heard of. It was feared he had met with foul play. Messengers and telegrams were dispatched in all directions. At last he was heard of, many miles from his destination. When asked the meaning of his delay, he replied, "Having regard to the allowance made to me for travelling expenses, I concluded that the government intended that I should walk. I am doing so."

—George Stephenson, the foremost engineer of his time, is to have his memory honored at Chesterfield, England, by the erection of a hall that will cost $60,000, to be used for purposes of higher education.

—Kenyon College, at Gambier, Ohio, has one notable autograph—a letter of President Wheeler, of Dartmouth College, retaining him in the celebrated Dartmouth College case. The letter is dated August 5, 1815, and it inclosed a retaining fee of $25.

—Since Mr. Plimsoll, M.P., had his act passed for the protection of seamen, 104 vessels have been detained at their wharfs, just as they were about to sail, and of these 101 were found to be "unsafe in still water."

—Mr. J. C. M'Coan, the author of the new work on Egypt published by Henry Holt & Co., is the late editor of the *Levant Herald*, the ablest paper in the Orient, and the only one which has any European reputation. Upon the breaking out of the present war, its staff of correspondents was organized to give reliable reports of the conflict; but in publishing such items it violated the rules of the Turkish War Department, which provides that only news issued through it shall be made public. For this offense publication of the paper was prohibited for six months.

—Among M. Thiers's good qualities the most amiable was that he never turned his back on an old friend. He was ambitious of power for the good he could do, not for its dignities or emoluments, about which he did not care. To be a journalist was a sure passport to his presence at all times and in all places; for, as he often said, he had himself started in life with no other stock in trade but his pen and his tongue, and he knew the power of the press.

—A nephew of Viscount Cooke was once playing at whist with the late George Peabody. The latter was somewhat slow in arranging his cards. "Come, make haste, old fellow," said the nephew. "Do not be angry with me," replied Mr. Peabody; "when your father and I were apprentices in London he never spoke rudely to me when I was slow in taking down the shutters."

—It is said that Queen Victoria has become so nervous that she can not be surrounded by a crowd for more than a few moments at a time. She was quite averse to opening Parliament in person, but Lord Beaconsfield urged her so strongly that she finally consented.

—Ex-Governor Washburne has commended himself to the Wisconsin heart by agreeing to give to the Wisconsin State University an observatory fitted with astronomical instruments as good as those in the observatory at Harvard College.

—Mr. Whistler, the American artist, is proceeding in earnest with his action against Mr. Ruskin for depreciating the value of his pictures by unfair criticism.

—There have been two or three members of the United States Senate who were preachers. Of these, we recall Everett of Massachusetts, Colquitt of Georgia, and Tipton of Nebraska. In the House there have been a few ministers, notably Hilliard of Alabama, and Seelye of Massachusetts. There has been but one member of a cabinet, besides Mr. Everett, who has added preaching to politics, and he is Secretary Thompson, of the Navy. The Rev. J. C. Fletcher, writing in reference to him in the Indianapolis *Journal*, says: "When on a visit to Terre Haute a few days ago, I ascertained a fact about our Secretary of the Navy which, though it greatly redounds to his credit, I have never seen noticed in print, and which, I have no doubt, so far as he is concerned, would remain forever unnoticed by the press. As I was on my way to church, in company with one of the oldest citizens of Terre Haute, I noticed a carriage driving in the direction of the country, and my companion remarked, 'That carriage contains Hon. Mr. Scott and wife. Mr. Scott is the ex-member of Congress from this district. They are going to a little country Methodist church in the vicinity of Secretary Thompson's farm. It is there that Colonel Thompson is in the habit, when at home, of each Sabbath expounding the Scriptures to his farmer neighbors. He is now spending his vacation with us, and every Sabbath he really preaches the Gospel. In this he is ably encouraged by his wife, who is one of the salt of the earth.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

An enthusiastic mass-meeting in support of President Hayes was held in the Cooper Institute, in this city, on the evening of the 10th inst. Every seat in the hall was occupied, and many prominent men were on the platform. The Hon. Henry G. Stebbins called the meeting to order, and introduced Professor Theodore W. Dwight, president of the Law School of Columbia College, as chairman. Addresses were delivered by Professor Dwight, ex-Governor Salomon, and Mr. George William Curtis, and a strongly sympathetic letter from ex-Governor Dix was read. A series of resolutions cordially approving the President's policy was adopted with much enthusiasm, and without a dissenting voice.

State elections were held in Ohio and Iowa on the 9th inst. The Republicans carried Iowa, where there were four tickets in the field, by a plurality of 40,000; and the Democrats carried Ohio, where there were five other tickets, by about 30,000. Richard M. Bishop is chosen Governor of Ohio, and John H. Gear, Governor of Iowa.

Some of the striking miners in Pennsylvania burned the Springbrook trestle-work, early on the morning of the 8th inst., to prevent the shipment of coal over the Hawley and Erie Railroad to New York.

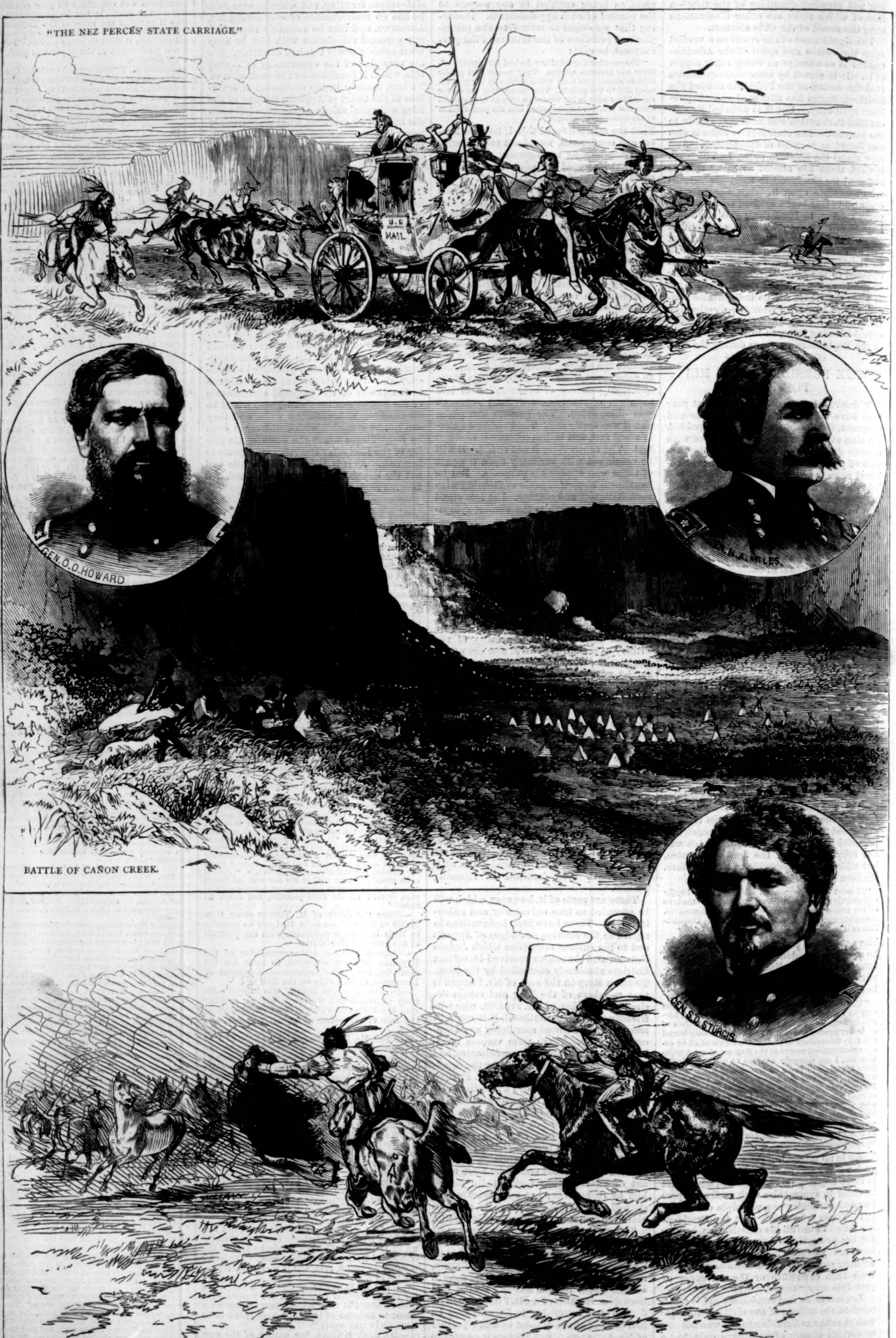
The Working-men's New York State Convention met at Troy on the 8th, and nominated John J. Junio, of Syracuse, for Secretary of State; George Blair, of New York, for Comptroller; Michael F. M'Kiernan, of Troy, for Treasurer; William S. Jaynes, of Rochester, for Attorney-General; and Rushton Smith, of Tioga, for Engineer. The Bread-winners' League met at Albany on the 10th, and nominated the following ticket: Secretary of State, John J. Junio; Comptroller, F. P. Olcott; Attorney-General, Elmore Sharpe; Treasurer, Julius Kern; State Engineer, Horatio Seymour, Jun.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: Another battle was fought near Kars on the 9th inst. The Turks claim the victory. The fight took place at Aladja Dagh (or mountain), and was caused, so Mukhtar Pasha reports, by an attempt of the Russians to surprise a corps of observation which he had posted at Kozkan to cover the concentration of his forces at the scene of the battle. Mukhtar declares that he repulsed the Russians with the loss of 1200 men. The same Turkish officer reports that the Russians lost 15,000 and the Turks 2500 in the previous three days' battles at Yanilar, Gulveran, and Aladja Dagh.—A Bucharest telegram to the London *Standard*, on the 11th, brings the news that General Gourkho, with eleven regiments of cavalry and eight batteries of horse artillery, has started on a raid to Sophia, by way of Tirnova and Selvi. Four cavalry regiments of the Guard will join him *en route*.

A second manifesto has been issued by President M'Mahon. In it he denies that the republican Constitution is in danger, or the government under clerical influence, or inclined to a policy which might endanger the peace, and appeals to the electors not to plunge the country into an unknown future of crises and conflicts by returning opposition candidates. The manifesto lays great stress on the fact that duty forbids the marshal to forsake his post, and concludes as follows: "I answer for order and peace." The Bureau of the Senatorial Left have issued a counter-manifesto, asking the people to disbelieve those who declare republican institutions not in peril, and that the government do not obey clerical influences. The counter-manifesto declares that the official candidates are enemies to the republic.

Thirty-five miners were killed by a colliery explosion at Pemberton, near Wigan, Lancaster, on the 11th.



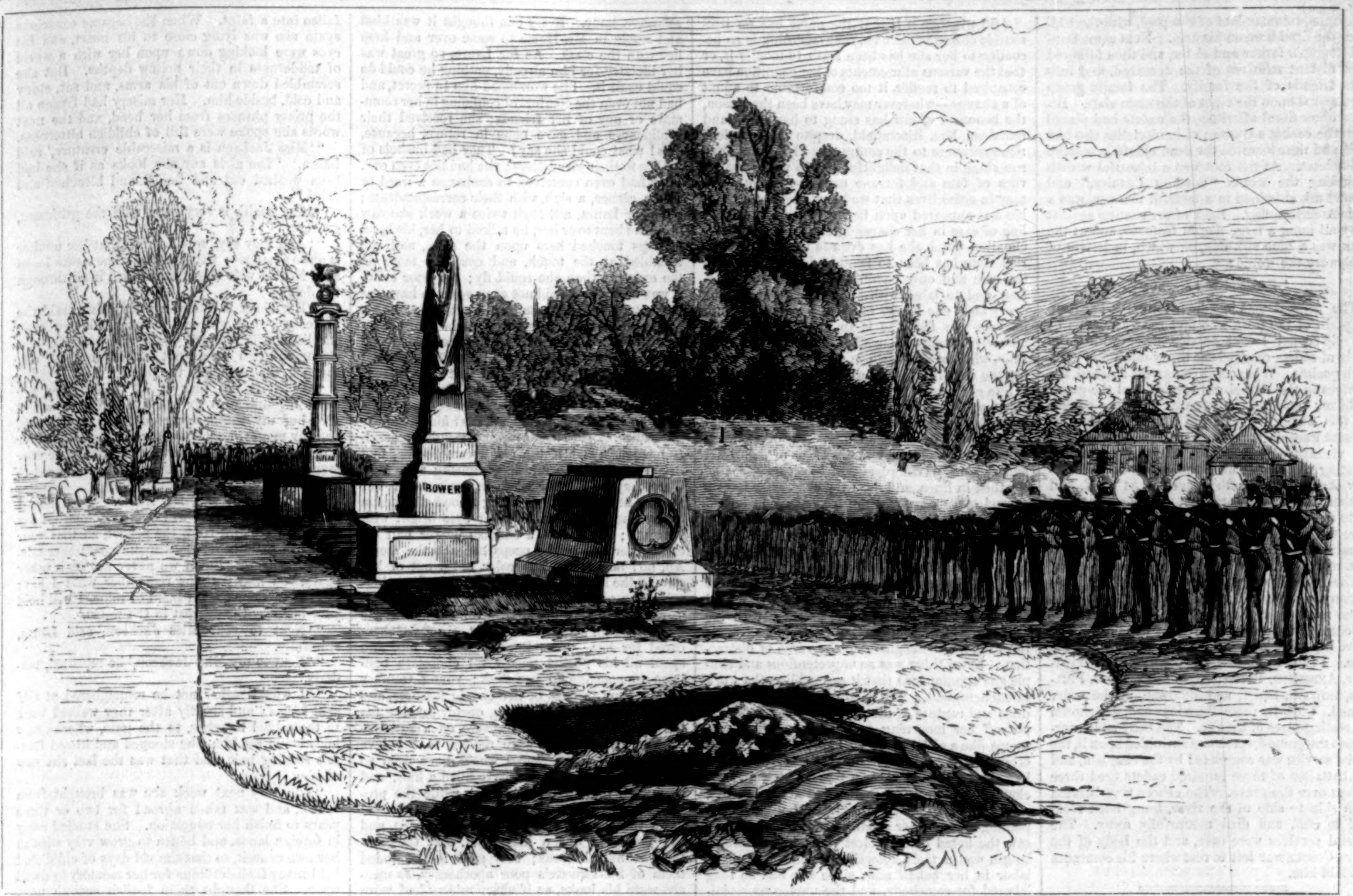
U.S. MAIL
GEN. O. O. HOWARD
GEN. N. A. MILES
GEN. S. D. STURGIS

"THE NEZ PERCÉS' STATE CARRIAGE."

BATTLE OF CAÑON CREEK.

THE NEZ PERCÉS DRIVING PONIES.

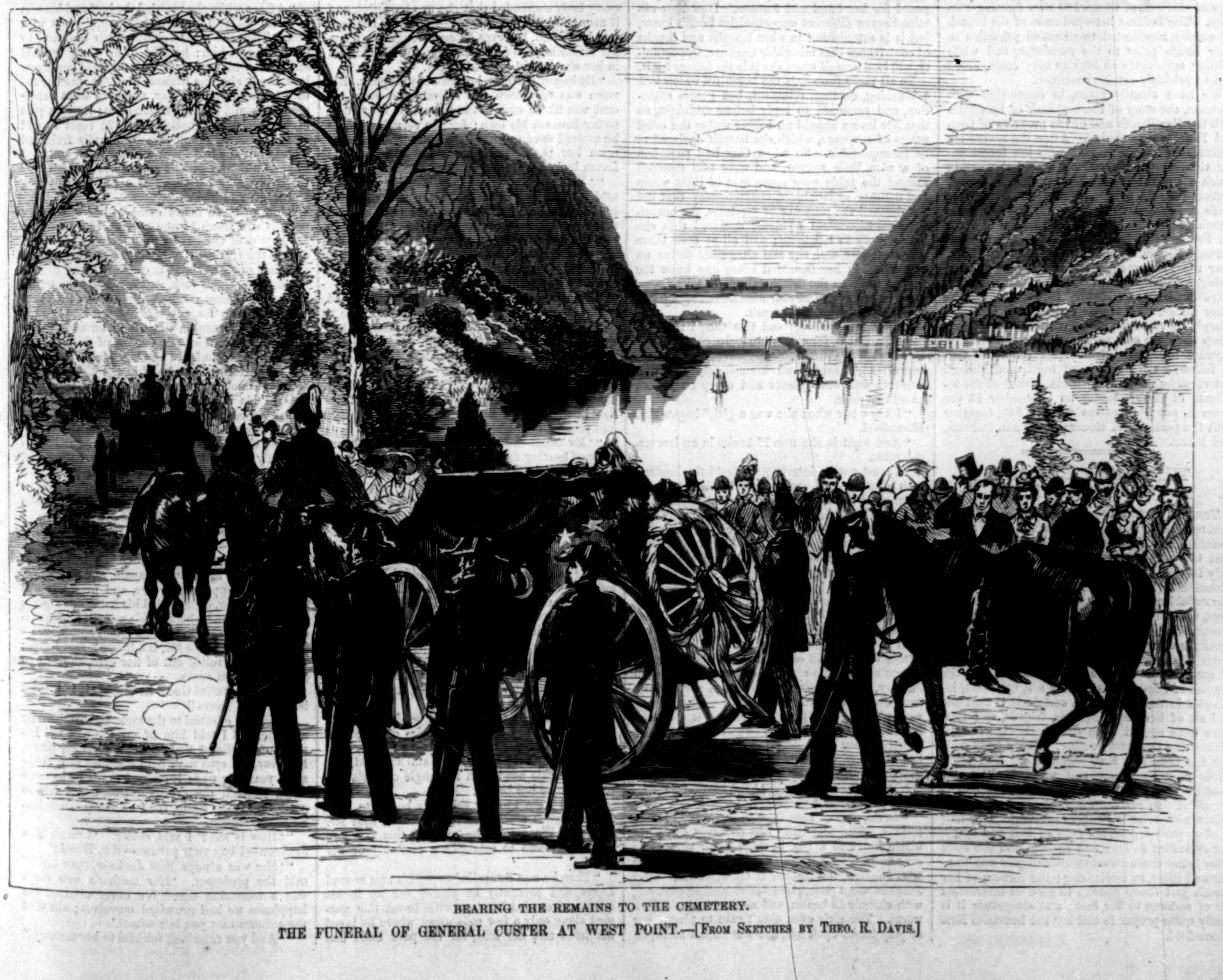
THE NEZ PERCÉS WAR.—From Sketches by an Army Officer.—[See Page 842.]



THE LAST HONORS OVER THE GRAVE.

FUNERAL OF GENERAL CUSTER.

The remains of this gallant officer were laid in their last resting-place in the West Point Cemetery on the 10th of October, with appropriate and impressive ceremonies. Early in the forenoon the body was taken from the receiving vault at Poughkeepsie, where it had been lying since last August, and conveyed by steamer to West Point. Thousands of people lined the banks on either side of the roadway as the procession approached, and stood in silence till it passed. It halted in front of the chapel, where the remains lay in state until 2 P.M., at which time the regular funeral service was commenced. Before the doors to the chapel were opened, an immense throng gathered in the vicinity, and some endeavored to gain admission, but the guard on duty prevented. Finally a surging of the crowd in front of the building showed that the funeral party was approaching. An officer ordered the entrance made clear, the doors were swung open, and the mourners passed slowly in. First came Major-General



BEARING THE REMAINS TO THE CEMETERY.

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL CUSTER AT WEST POINT.—[From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.]

Schofield, commandant of the post, with the widow of the dead hero on his arm. Next came General Custer's father and sister, and then followed more distant relatives of the deceased, and intimate friends of the family. The family group were seated upon the right of the main aisle. Besides other floral offerings, the cadets had placed upon the casket a column of immortelles two feet high, and near it rested the dead chieftain's sabre and helmet. At the foot was a beautiful wreath encircling the words "Seventh Cavalry," and around all, entwined in a tasteful manner, was a large American flag. Back of the chancel against the wall hung a large flag in festoons, and at the apex was a blue silk flag, on which, in letters of gold, were the words:

"God and Our Country."

The funeral was conducted by Dr. Forsyth, chaplain of the post, who first read a portion of the Episcopal burial service, after which the choir of cadets chanted the thirty-ninth and ninetieth psalms. When the hymns were finished, the services in the chapel were ended, and the guard of honor removed the remains from the edifice. By this time all the people who intended to be present were on the grounds, and were massed in the vicinity of the chapel. Drawn up in line fronting the chapel were the cadets of the Military Academy, with the government band, and further back was the artillery, with horses attached to caissons. Opposite, and facing the cadets, were the organizations from abroad. When the remains reached the open air, the cadets presented arms.

The funeral procession, as shown in our illustration on page 841, marched along the picturesque route from the chapel to the beautiful little cemetery at the north end of the post. The grave is just inside the entrance, to the left of the gate. In the same plot are the graves of Hartsuff, Anderson, Hitchcock, M'Crae, Hook, Phillips, Bowers, Scott, and Bufford, in the order named. Close by these illustrious men was chosen the resting-place of Custer. The body was lowered into the ground, earth was sprinkled upon it, the burial service was completed by the chaplain, and the battalion of three hundred cadets fired three volleys over the grave. The echoes reverberated from side to side of the river, flung back from cliff to cliff, and died mournfully away. The funeral services were over, and the body of the brave Custer was left to rest where his comrades had laid him.

THE NEZ PERCÉS WAR.

The long and severe struggle with the Nez Percés Indians ended on the 5th of October in the unconditional surrender of Chief Joseph and his band to the United States forces under General Miles, at Snake Creek, near the Bear Paw Mountains, after a desperate battle lasting over two days. The camp contained 350 men, women, and children, of whom 160 were fighting warriors. The Indians betrayed none of the brutality usually manifested to wounded prisoners in their hands prior to the surrender, and while fighting stubbornly as long as they could, acted in a surprisingly civilized manner.

We have already given, in connection with sketches, the story of the outbreak of hostilities with the Nez Percés and of the progress of General Howard's campaign. After the severe engagement at Big Hole Pass with the forces under General Gibbon, on the 9th of August, in which our men lost very heavily, Joseph started eastward for the buffalo country, and might have made his escape were it not for another force marching up the Yellowstone to head him off. On September 13 Joseph encountered General Sturgis with the Seventh Cavalry on Clark's Fork, near the Yellowstone. Sturgis fought all day, losing four killed and fifteen wounded, and cutting Joseph's band up badly. He captured, among other things, 1000 horses, and pursued the band sharply for two days, getting a great deal of their camp equipage and portable property generally. Howard re-enforced Sturgis, and the united party followed the flying band northward, though not very close upon their heels. Some of the incidents of the encounter on September 13 are given in our illustrations on page 840, together with the portraits of Generals Howard, Sturgis, and Miles.

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. BLOOMFIELD.

There is a snug little two-story house up town that rejoices to be pointed out as the home of the beautiful Mrs. Bloomfield. The especial reason that this pleasant cognomen has clung to this lady is that there are quite a number of Mrs. Bloomfields in the family. The boys of the Bloomfield race are fine, clever, appreciative fellows, who no sooner grow to manhood than they succumb individually and collectively to the fascinations of certain members of the fair sex, and range themselves, as the French say, on the side of matrimony. Far be it from me to decry the charms of these ladies. They are, no doubt, invincible in their way; but certain it is that one and all of her acquaintances, friends, and relatives have agreed upon this distinction for the wife of the youngest brother. Every body calls her the beautiful Mrs. Bloomfield. The other wives may be pretty and witty, healthy and wealthy and wonderfully wise, but this one is beautiful. In her deep mourning—for she is a widow now—she is simply ravishing. Her hair is of so pure a gold, her eyes so soft and black, her eyelashes so long and curling, and the faint color in her cheeks, that comes and goes and deepens and pales, so bewitching; the corners of her mouth just droop enough to give an interesting air of sadness to her face; and altogether it is really quite proper to call her the beautiful Mrs. Bloomfield.

And whether it is that the name has an irresistible charm of its own, that mourning is so becoming to her she has been loath to modify it, or that the various allurements of her condition have conspired to render it too comfortable to admit of a change—whatever may have been the reason, the beautiful widow has clung to her crape, and remained Mrs. Bloomfield, despite many ardent remonstrances to the contrary. Five years have run along in that delightful groove which the favors of fate and fortune make so smooth and easy in some lives that we know, and not a wrinkle has appeared upon her fair white brow or a line of care in her charming face. The only inclination which she has evinced toward the married state has been to frankly declare that it is the sole and only condition of absolute happiness, and to labor with all her might to induce every body she knows or cares for to enter into its joys. In fact, she is an incorrigible matchmaker, and many a Benedick shakes his head ruefully, while others beam in gratitude, when passing the cozy little house up town.

She got home the other day from her summer sojourn at the mountains and the sea-shore, and upon the evening of her return the parlors were full of her friends and adorers. Any other house and hostess might be in all sorts of confusion and melancholy disorder—the furniture might be swathed in linen, and even the chandelier have a shroud of its own, and the hostess could be excused for a little négligé even in her personal appointments—but so far as the cozy little house up town goes, there are no such vexations to be looked forward to. During the day the upholsterer has been there, and the florist, and the restaurateur around the corner, and the united efforts of these good people, together with the untiring zeal of the lovely proprietor, had made the little house delightful to the verge of distraction. Every thing was so unpretentious and simple and spontaneous that it seemed like the work of enchantment. The widow herself, to the surprise and rapture of all concerned, had suddenly put off her mourning, and floated through the rooms like a cloud of palest blue: clouds are not often blue, but that is because the whole of heaven has chosen this color for a permanency, and the clouds have to content themselves with contrasts.

But just imagine the happiness that filled each panting heart of her separate adorers when they saw the hated black at last put aside. Here at length was a tacit avowal that somebody might labor in her behalf now, since she had so long labored for somebody, and the numerous recipients of her favor began to gather hope as the evening went by.

She had a smile for one and a sigh for another, and slighted nobody, and these poor fellows forgot to hate each other, they became so absorbed in their love for her. Each and all of them had hopes of their own, founded upon these smiles and sighs; and it even went so far that night that seven different parties absolutely proposed for her hand and fortune. How they obtained seven different opportunities I don't know, but it is astonishing to what lengths and depths of contrivance that miserable creature, Opportunity, will lend herself when she is in the humor for it.

To all these proposals the beautiful widow lent a blushing, chiding, reluctant, but gentle attention, and promised to reply before midnight, so that her lovers should no longer suffer the cruel pangs of suspense, which she herself declared to be insupportable. So when they had partaken of a nice little supper, and were still grouped around the table over some sort of light wines and delicate syllabubs of confectionery that did not demand the presence of servitors, the beautiful Mrs. Bloomfield suddenly declared that she had a story to tell them; and all at once there was so tender and shy and altogether divine an expression in her face that every one knew the subject must be the delightful one of love.

"You have been at your match-making again," they all cried with one breath.

"Yes," she replied, "and this time I may tell you all about it, for the secret belongs to me."

"Good!" "Capital!" "Excellent!" "We are ready," they said; and immediately the nut-crackers and wine-glasses and every body were as still as mice.

"I knew her when she was a girl," began Mrs. Bloomfield.

"And what is she now?" broke in an irreverent voice.

"I must not be interrupted," said the hostess, with dignity. "I mean that I knew her well when she was very young, and was studying at a seminary in a quiet place called Daretown. There was also a preparatory school there for the other sex; and I can not help but think it would be better for each seminary to have a town of its own, because the nearness and dearness of the two different buildings interfere sadly with the requirements of education. Our bills for stationery were very large, and the biggest part of this expense was in behalf of the other building. We used to have post-offices of our own, where our letters were left till called for, and nobody knew, except my heroine and the object of her foolish idolatry, of a big stone at the foot of a sycamore-tree, where her letters were hid. All this was very pleasant in the main, because it was confined to mere bits of boys and girls, and was only a preparatory study, like the rest of the course; but in the case of which I speak, my heroine—suppose we call her by my own name of Laura?"

"By all means," chorused the listeners, thinking it the prettiest name in the world.

"In the case of Laura it was different and more serious. The poor child had foolishly given her whole heart to a big, bearded man, who came over twice a week from the boys' school to assist Miss Jackson, the teacher in mathematics. Miss Jackson was a poor, plain, faded-looking creature, with chronic ill health, and no more spirit than a worm. The girls even didn't care to plague her or play tricks upon her, she was such a meek, inoffensive body. Every one thought it was kind and noble in Mr. Hume to come over and help her with the class. As for Laura, so great was her idolatry for him already, nothing he could do could exalt it. She worshiped him in secret, and had not even the comfort of confiding in her roommate or any of her friends; she received their confidences and gave none in return, because, alas! what could she say? They had bushels of replies to their love-letters; she had not even one. They had even contrived to exchange a word or two, a glance, a sigh, with their correspondents; but poor Laura, although twice a week she saw him—he bent over her, he talked to her, his hand perhaps touched hers upon the slate, and she trembled at the touch, and could no more do the example than she could fly; yet, poor child, it was nothing; he did not even seem to have got her letters, although she had seen them reach his hands. She thought, perhaps, he had torn them up without reading, or had despised them and cast them away when read. Poor little Laura, I pity her so when I think of all that she suffered! I can remember it so well! I see her now as that last time she evades her playmates, and steals away by herself, the foolish scrawl hidden under her bodice, close to her shrinking, trembling heart. She reaches at last the old sycamore-tree, and lifts the stone, the fainting, expiring hope that there *may* be a letter there in reply to all her prayers and entreaties sending a flood of crimson to her cheeks, and making her eyes bright with yearning; she kneels, a childish prayer half escaping her lips as she peeps beneath the stone. Ah, no! no letter. The color fades out of her cheeks, the light from her eyes, and she flings herself down on the hard cold stone, and yields herself to an agony of grief. Why couldn't she have cared for some of the boys? Scores of them cared for her. Tom Perkins adored her, and spent all his pocket-money for chocolate bonbons to smuggle to her desk; young Godfrey drew crayon profiles of her classic features, and hung them all over his room, openly longing for the time when he might venture on a full-face sketch. They would have replied to her love missives; their utterances would have been so big that two words would have filled a line; and they were rosy and bright-eyed, while the professor was pale and wan; they had ambrosial locks that curled and covered their heads, and the professor was a little bald, and the girls thought him hideous; they said he reminded them of Shakspeare's poor apothecary, so meagre were his looks, as if sharp misery had worn him to the bone. But Laura loved him, let him be what he may.

"And while she lay sobbing there, a long, melancholy, even a shabby figure, appeared in sight, and started back, and was shocked to see Laura's childish grief, and hastened his footsteps to her side. She lifted her head, and there he was; and suddenly her beautiful face (for I forgot to say she was beautiful; it don't matter anyway, only every body contended that she was beautiful, and it may as well be mentioned)—suddenly her face was irradiated, her eyes shone through her tears, her trembling lips fell to smiling, and the dimples in her cheeks hid a world of joy.

"He began, however, immediately to speak. His voice was very deep and solemn, and every accent was like a stab to the poor little heart fluttering beneath his own; for the very first words he uttered were to forbid any further foolishness upon her part. Foolishness he called it, and Laura looked up indignantly.

"'You need not insult my love for you,' she said. 'You may reject and scorn it if you will; but do not insult it.' Laura had read a great many pretty romances, and had learned how to put her passion into words. 'I love you, Mr. Hume, and shall always love you, until I am cold in death. Your cruelty can kill me, but that is the only way you can kill my love.'

"The professor frowned, then he smiled, and said, very gravely, 'How old are you, Miss Laura?'

"'Fifteen my next birthday,' said Laura; 'but that doesn't matter in the least.'

"'And I am already thirty-two,' said Mr. Hume—'more than twice your age.'

"'That has nothing to do with it,' said Laura, shaking her curls to and fro, so that one of them flew in the face of Mr. Hume, and he caught it and pressed it to his lips.

"'My sweet child,' he said, and Laura's heart stopped beating to listen to him, 'I will not deny that this infantile affection of yours is of so pure and sweet and ravishing a texture that it has wound itself about my heart with a fibre of its own that will never decay. I will never forget it. Are you listening to me, my little Laura?'

"'I am listening,' whispered Laura.

"'I will never forget it or cease to do it homage so long as I live; but Heaven forbid that I should nourish it into further strength. That would be the labor of a scoundrel, and one which every true man would utterly despise. Even were I free to do this, so far as other ties of my own are concerned, you are not only a mere child, and beautiful as the morning, but you are also what the world calls an heiress, and the world has claims of its own upon the young, the beautiful, and the rich."

"Laura began to shake her head to and fro again, and to say that all this was of no consequence whatever. But Mr. Hume suddenly said something that made her quite still and cold, and her poor little head with its tangle of curls fell heavily upon her breast.

"'And I am already solemnly bound to Miss Jackson, your teacher in mathematics,' said Mr. Hume. 'We are to be married this fall, and leave Daretown to establish a seminary of our own.'

"Then he was compelled to put his arm around Laura, and presently he picked her up in his arms and carried her to a little brook that gurgled along only a few rods away, where he laved her head and her hair, for the poor child had fallen into a faint. When she became conscious again she was lying close to his heart, and his eyes were looking down upon her with a world of tenderness in their hollow depths. But she scrambled down out of his arms, and sat, stony and cold, beside him. Her misery had frozen all the pretty phrases from her head, and the next words she spoke were full of childish bitterness.

"'Miss Jackson is a miserable creature,' said Laura. 'The girls say she looks as if she had been washed out and boiled and bleached and dried.'

"'Her health is very poor,' said the professor, gravely.

"'And they say,' said Laura, 'that her mother is quite a pauper; that the cloak she wears looks as if Noah's wife might have worn it all through the deluge.'

"'Her cloak is indeed a sorry affair,' said the professor; 'but we hope to get her a new one; and little girls who are young and beautiful and strong and rich should not make fun of the old, the sick, the plain, and the poor.'

"'Oh, it is not that at all,' said Laura, her curls beginning to fly about again. 'I would give her my youth, my good looks, my health, and my money, and I would coax my mother for a beautiful mantle, if she would let me have your love; so long as she has that, there is no need to pity her.'

"'I hope not,' said Mr. Hume. 'And now I must say good-by. I will hasten somewhat my time of departure from the school, so that your stubborn little heart shall make no further mischief for itself. But if we never see each other again, you may perhaps remember what I say: next to this one sacred bond of mine, I will hold your memory the dearest in the world.'

"'Next to your Miss Jackson,' said Laura, spitefully.

"'Next to my Miss Jackson,' he repeated, tenderly.

"'I would rather not be remembered at all,' said Laura; and shortly after they walked back to the school together, to the gate, where every body could see him; he stooped and kissed Laura's shining hair, and that was the last she saw of him.

"The very next week she was brought from school, and was taken abroad for two or three years to finish her education. She studied away in foreign lands, and began to grow very wise in her own conceit, so that the old days of childhood held many foolish things for her memory to dwell upon. She thought them foolish enough now, and laughed many a time over her silly romance with the old professor—for so she remembered him then; he seemed to her almost an octogenarian, so many handsome youths were there in Laura's acquaintances to contrast with this fossil of memory—youths that were, like herself, young, strong, ruddy, and rich, and not one of them was unappreciative of her charms or offered her the second place in his heart.

"After a while she married the best and bravest of them all, and lived a few happy years with him. Then the great sorrow of her life came to her; she lost him; he died in all the glory and strength of his manhood, and only God can know how lonely she was without him. It was her nature to be merry and gay, and give what happiness she could to those around her; it was a part of her creed that nobody has the right to add to the miseries of an already heavily freighted world; but she had many a bitter hour, and used to steal away by herself sometimes to weep over the irreparable loneliness of a life yet so young and warm and loving.

"One of these hours came to her only a few months ago, down by the ocean. She had been the gayest of the gay in the merry season there, and, in the very heart of it, all this sudden sadness so seized upon her that it carried her off despite herself to a lonely rock that overhung the water. The waves almost reached her feet, and the sands were wet with foam beneath her; clouds were moving in the zenith, and the moon flew rapidly along the sky. The wild outline of things in the semi-darkness confused and bewildered her brain. She saw a form shape itself in the distance—the form of a man; his shoulders were bent, the long tails of his coat flapped in the wind, his hands were clasped behind him, his whole attitude was one of unutterable loneliness. As he strode rapidly on, the clouds that had obscured the moon suddenly scudded away; and there before her, after so many years, Laura saw the professor. She forgot every thing, and was a child again, as innocent and impulsive as when she sat by his side on the old stone under the sycamore-tree.

"'Mr. Hume!' she called, reaching out her hands to him—'Mr. Hume!'

"He looked about him as one in a dream; then bent his head to the sands again, and walked on. But he was approaching her, and presently was beside the rock. She called his name once more; and looking up, he beheld this woman all shrouded in black, and stood still, without speaking.

"'Don't you know me, Mr. Hume?' said Laura; and the tears rolled out of her eyes, she was so glad to see him again.

"'Most merciful God!' he cried; 'it is, it must be, my little Laura!'

"Then he climbed to the rock, and sat down by my side, and I told him of my life and the impulse of loneliness that had led me to the ocean. His dear, sad eyes were bent upon my face in the same yearning way; it seemed to me I was there again beneath the sycamore-tree, and I felt so sorry for myself again, for I suddenly remembered Miss Jackson.

"'How is she?' I said, coldly. 'I mean Miss Jackson—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Hume?'

"'She was always Miss Jackson, poor child!' said the professor. 'Her mother's new cloak was a mourning one. We never attained the happiness we had promised ourselves; she died the autumn that you left school.'

"'And you remained faithful to her memory?'

I said, my tears falling faster, I scarcely knew why.

"'Faithful to her and to you,' he said.

"I slipped my hand into his. It was his turn to tremble.

"'Be merciful,' he said; 'don't tempt me. All the old obstacles remain—you are so young and so beautiful!'

"'You will remember,' I said, 'there was only one I held of consequence; and if Miss Jackson can look down from the skies, she must know it is best for us all.'

"'God bless your sweet generosity!' he said, and took me to his heart.

"But it was not generosity, my friends," said the beautiful Mrs. Bloomfield, looking upon her guests; "it was love." Big tears still hung upon her eyelashes, but a charming smile was upon her lips.

The nut-crackers and wine-glasses began to rattle again; every body commenced to chatter—all except seven of the guests; these stole silently away, followed by the tender, consoling glance of the beautiful Mrs. Bloomfield.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Chief Signal-officer of the army has been urging that physical observations of the sun be made, as of sun spots, faculæ, protuberances, etc., in reference to their supposed influence upon terrestrial meteorology, and has offered to publish the results monthly, or such of them as may be considered desirable by the observer, in the *Monthly Weather Review*. The United States Naval Observatory at Washington has already accepted this proposition, and it is considered very desirable that some other observatories in the East, and at least one on the Western coast, co-operate in this undertaking. Observations taken in Japan would add materially to the value of the total results.

It is gratifying to learn that American skill in the construction of optical instruments is beginning to be appreciated abroad. The microscopes of Tolles, Zentmayer, and other American manufacturers are winning great favor in Europe, and Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, have just finished an 11-inch refractor for the Lisbon Observatory. Several other large instruments are in course of construction by this firm, among others a 26-inch telescope for Mr. M'Cormick, of which the lens is completed. They are also about commencing work on a 27-inch refractor for Yale College.

The annual report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for 1876 has been published, and, as usual, contains a great deal of matter interesting to men of science. The portion of the volume detailing the operations of the Institution for 1876 is more specially occupied with an account of what was done in connection with the International Exhibition of 1876, at Philadelphia, and especially of the very extensive and valuable presents made to the United States by the various foreign commissions, and taken charge of by the Institution, in accordance with the law of Congress.

Reference is made to an application for an appropriation to erect an additional building to accommodate these objects, for which it is estimated that a floor space of 80,000 square feet will be required. Until this is done, the collections in question must remain in their original packages, more than 4000 in number, which are stored on four floors of a separate building, 50 by 100 feet, and filling them completely from floor to ceiling.

As usual, the funds of the Institution are reported as being in a favorable condition, the income not being exceeded by the expenditures, and an available balance even remaining in hand at the end of the fiscal year.

The second part of the volume embraces biographical notices of Dom Pedro II., and also of Gay-Lussac, articles on the kinetic theories of gravitation, the revolutions of the crust of the earth, the asteroids between Mars and Jupiter, and a number of papers on ethnology and archæology. Of these the most important is by Professor Mason on the Latimer collection of antiquities from Porto Rico, in which the more interesting objects of this unique series are figured.

Other papers on ancient mines and mounds, implements of various kinds, etc., are also contained in the volume.

The death of Professor Henry Newton is announced as having taken place at Deadwood City, in the Black Hills, on the 5th of August. Professor Newton is best known in connection with the survey of the Black Hills region several years ago, under the direction of Professor Walter P. Janney, whom he accompanied as assistant geologist. The final report of this expedition has not yet been published, and Professor Newton returned to the Black Hills for the purpose of correcting and extending his observations, but died in consequence of disease contracted while in the field.

We have to record the death of Mr. Timothy Abbott Conrad, one of our oldest and most accomplished paleontologists. Mr. Conrad was born in 1803, and commenced his investigations early in the century, beginning with the tertiary and cretaceous formations of the United States. In 1832 he commenced an illustrated work on the *Fossil Shells of the Tertiary Formation of the United States*, which was, however, preceded in 1831 by his *American Marine Conchology*. Most of his papers appeared in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, and in the Proceedings and Memoirs of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. He also contributed largely to the reports of the various government exploring expeditions.

The Norwegian Atlantic exploring expedition, to which reference has already been made in our columns, by latest advices, returned to Tromsöe, in Norway, for the purpose of refitting for the further prosecution of its work, the first period having occupied from the 13th of June until the 8th of July. It will be remembered that the object of this exploration is the discovery not merely of the more important facts in regard to the physics and natural history of the northern seas, but also of making an economical application of the same in connection with the Norwegian fisheries, which constitute so important an element in the prosperity of that nation. This is only a continuation of the enlightened measures initiated by the government of Norway many years ago, upon the results of which, indeed, we are obliged to depend for most of our information in regard to the natural history and economy of the herring, mackerel, cod, and other northern fish.

An interesting point established by this first cruise of the *Vöringen*, the vessel employed, is that the minimum of temperature is not always at the bottom of the water, but often at a certain depth near the surface, its distance therefrom varying with the season or other circumstances. In the West Fiord the temperature at the surface was 45.7°; this decreased to 38.8° in sixty fathoms; and then in 140 fathoms, ten fathoms above the bottom, it rose to 41°. The explanation of this phenomenon appears to be that in winter the air is generally cooler than the sea surface, and the layers of surface water being chilled and becoming denser, sink down to a certain level, below which the temperature then usually increases with the depth. In the spring and summer the air at the surface is warmer, and the surface layer of water has no further tendency to sink. This maintains a cold stratum persistently between the surface and the bottom, which continues until by the action of storms or currents an equilibrium to a certain extent is effected.

The greatest depth found during the cruise was 1710 fathoms, with a bottom temperature of 28.4°, the lowest yet found by the expedition.

The annual report of the Fish Commissioners of Rhode Island for the year 1876 is principally occupied with an account of the distribution of land-locked salmon and the black bass. The commissioners, although not able, from want of funds, to do much in the direction of artificial propagation of fish, are carrying out their mission with energy and intelligence.

The reports received by the Dutch Geographical Society from its expedition sent out to Sumatra promise some extremely interesting results. In the lofty mountains of the central portion of the island, hitherto unknown, they found magnificent scenery, the elevations being clothed to the top with a most luxuriant growth of forest.

According to a recent publication, we learn that 516 vessels, of 31,943 tons in the aggregate, have been enrolled in the district of Gloucester during the year 1877, this being about the same as last year. Of these 440 are schooners, thirty-two of which were added since the last list. Twenty-seven schooners and one boat have been lost, fourteen of them with their entire crews, while engaged in the Bank fishing. There are forty-one establishments in Gloucester Harbor fitting out 378 vessels and boats.

The death of Mr. J. P. Gassiot took place on the 15th of August, closing a long and useful life of over eighty years. Mr. Gassiot has not only added largely to the domain of physical science by his own investigations in reference to electricity and magnetism, but also by the endowment or the support of establishments for research. He was the founder of the Royal Society Scientific Relief Fund. His house at Clapham Common was the centre of a generous hospitality, and served as a gathering-place of men of science of every specialty.

The French journals announce another martyr to science in Mr. Alfred Deshaies, connected with the chemical department of the College of France, who was found dead in his laboratory—killed, as was supposed, by some chemical agent, the toxic properties of which he had been investigating.

Professor Marsh makes the announcement of the interesting discovery of the remains of two species of fossil bison found in the lower pliocene of Nebraska and Kansas. They were much larger than the existing bison, with more powerful horns. As the geological horizon of this species is thus as low as that of the fossil bison of the Old World, the genus can be claimed as a New World type, one the occurrence of which is not owing to emigration from Eastern Asia or Western Europe.

GLAMOUR.

Seeing what the superstition of mankind is, and how far it goes, it is small wonder that in the days of darkness and scientific ignorance people believed in strange spells and magic charms as the only means by which to account for certain mental phenomena otherwise inexplicable. We are driven into the wilderness of wonder, not to say conjecture, when we see certain attachments and associations between two people who seem to be the very antitheses of each other, and without one point of contact where they may be in harmony and union. Sometimes in going through the world we fall in with two women of this kind—one who commands and the other who obeys; one who accepts and the other who gives; one who receives all homage, care, tenderness, love, as her right of tribute, a tax in no wise to be rendered back in kind, and the other who sacrifices her very life that her friend's slightest wishes may be fulfilled and her least caprices obeyed. The more unamiable of the two is always the one most worshiped; the sweeter and more loveworthy, the one sacrificed and humiliated. Yet the sacrifice is voluntary, and the slave has herself forged the chains which bind her.

What friendship is in its degree, so is marriage to a still more striking extent. We sometimes see the sweetest and dearest little woman in the world married to a bluff, burly, cross-grained fellow, who goes through life like a perpetual thunder-cloud from which the slightest shock brings angry splutterings, sullen murmurs, and fiery outbursts, destructive of all peace and comfort. Yet Titania worships her rough-skinned treasure; he is her "gentle joy" to her, and she finds her happiness in wreathing garlands for his long-eared head, and in idealizing him—dull ass as he is—till she has made him into a god by whom all men might take a pattern. Her sister, married to Hyperion, as good as he is beautiful, and as clever as he is good, finds her lot in life a hard one, and thinks every wife is to be envied where she is only to be pitied. She talks feelingly of the dreadful punishment which falls on women who make the one great mistake of their lives, and waxes eloquent on the sin of parents in suffering their daughters to marry before they know their own minds or those of the men whom they take for better and worse. Her eyes fill up with tears when she speaks of Titania's happiness, and how good and kind, for all his rough exterior, is that long-eared Bottom of hers, who shows his rough side to the world but keeps only his down and velvet for home. And then she sighs, and looks out into the distance as one whose heart is full of sadness, and whose tongue might say bitter things if she would; but she will not. If unhappy, she is loyal; if unappreciated, and not fairly dealt by, she understands the holy reticence of martyrdom; and though her marriage has been a mistake, she will not make the world the confident of her griefs. Nevertheless, she gives that same world clearly to understand that she is unhappy and has been taken in, and that, man for man, Hyperion does not come near to Bottom, and Titania is to be congratulated while she is only to be commiserated. This is glamour in an inverted form—glamour dealing with poison, not ambrosia, but quite as general as the other, if somewhat more distressing.

It must not be thought that women alone have the fee-simple of this kind of thing; that they and they only love the base and despise the noble by the influence of that strange state of mind which, for want of a better word, we are forced to call glamour. Perhaps we see it even more distinctly in men, for the objects to which the stronger sex sometimes carry their worship, or it may be their displeasure, are certainly of a kind which make other women—behind the scenes—open their eyes and ask, Why? Look at that unsuspecting, honest-hearted gentleman who gives his good old family name and personal honor into the keeping of a woman who has not one qualification to make her a worthy custodian of either, and very many which one might have thought would have made any wise man hesitate before he gave himself and his precious treasures into such perilous guardianship. He alone ignores what all other men know; he alone believes where others more than doubt. The woman, to eyes untouched by glamour, has not a charm; she is rude and violent, ill-bred and vulgar; her very beauty, what there is of it, is of a low type; and in all probability she has lost the freshness of her skin as long ago as that of her mind. Yet the man whom she holds in thrall loves her, and marries to his ruin a kind of nineteenth-century Circe, who, if she does not transform him into a swine, does lower the tone of his mind, so that she makes him accept dishonor for fame and humilation for glory. But his brother, who has found Solomon's "crown of glory," thinks no more of his treasure than if it were an old brown paper fool's cap, and lets what might have been the sweetness of his married life run to waste through neglect and indifference.

Glamour, the fascination of certain professions; glamour, the passionate absorption of art; glamour, that unreasoning love of place which makes you accept all sorts of personal discomfort and moral disquietude that you may look out on those woods, watch the coming and going of those waves, study the lights and shadows as they fall on those mountains, find the maiden-hair in that cleft, and the bee orchis in yonder bank. Glamour, the spell which Paris—Circe among cities—throws over those to whom her bright and radiant beauty, her light laugh, her swift mirth, her feet hurrying on to pleasure, her feminine assumption of supremacy over all the world besides, are so many ingredients in the philtre which she brews, and of which they drink. Glamour, the passionate charms of Italy, and those, more masculine and spirit-stirring, of the dark and true-hearted North. Glamour, the remembrances of the early home and the visions of distant lands. But what would life be without this glamour? A dull house of rough wood wherein the soul gloomed through its miserable days, and whereto no beauty came, no love, no poetry, no idealizing brightness of fancy, making the mean things great and the sordid noble.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

At a dinner of a provincial law society once, the president called upon the senior solicitor present to give as a toast the person whom he considered the best friend of the profession. "Then," responded the sly old fox, "I'll give you the man who makes his own will."

When a young man from Harvard is asked if he will always love her thus, he does not answer, "Will a duck swim?" Science has taken the place of poetry, and he replies, "Will evolution from the unconditioned working in protoplasm by accretion and absorption produce the organic cell?" Then he inquires languidly if there are any cold beans about the house.

"I try to preach the milk of the word," replied a city clergyman to a parishioner who remonstrated that his sermons were too long. "Yes," remarked the other, "but around here what we want is condensed milk."

When a clergyman remarked there would be a nave in the new church the society was building, an old lady whispered that she "knew the party to whom he referred."

Every body thought it was a match, and so did he, and so did she; but one evening at a croquet party she hit her pet corn a whack with the mallet that sounded like a torpedo, and he—he laughed. "We meet as strangers," she wrote on her cuff, and showed it to him. "Think of me no more," he whispered, huskily.

Dog-Seller. "That 'ere hanimal's the real stock, mum, and dog-cheap at thirty dollars."

Young Widow. "It's a sweet, pretty darling, black and white; but, in my present state of bereavement, you must procure me one entirely black. This will do very well in about six months for half-mourning."

A young man hired as a clerk was told by his employer that all the clerks slept at the house, and that it was closed punctually at ten every night. "Oh, don't apologize," said the youth; "I don't care what time it's closed, if it's only opened early enough in the morning."

Better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

A medical student who got very drunk one evening told his father next day that he was "suffering from cephalalgy induced by the ductility of a glandiferous stopper placed in the mouth of a vitreous vessel containing distilled grain." The old man gave him an order for a new suit of clothes, to still further encourage him in his studies.

"My child, what is an erring man?" said a clergyman at a school examination to the brightest pupil. "The fish-monger, Sir," was the reply.

GREENBACKS AND GOLD.

Greenbacks and Gold one raw and gusty day
Together stood by Trade's swift, troubled tide;
"Let's swim across," Greenbacks to Gold did say,
"And I the first will win the other side."

"Agreed!" said Gold. Whereat both took the flood;
But Greenbacks quickly cried, "O Gold, I think
This tide will drown us; prithee be so good
As bear us up. 'Help, Cash-us, or we sink!'"

Justice. "Mr. Snicklefitz, you will please come forward and be sworn."

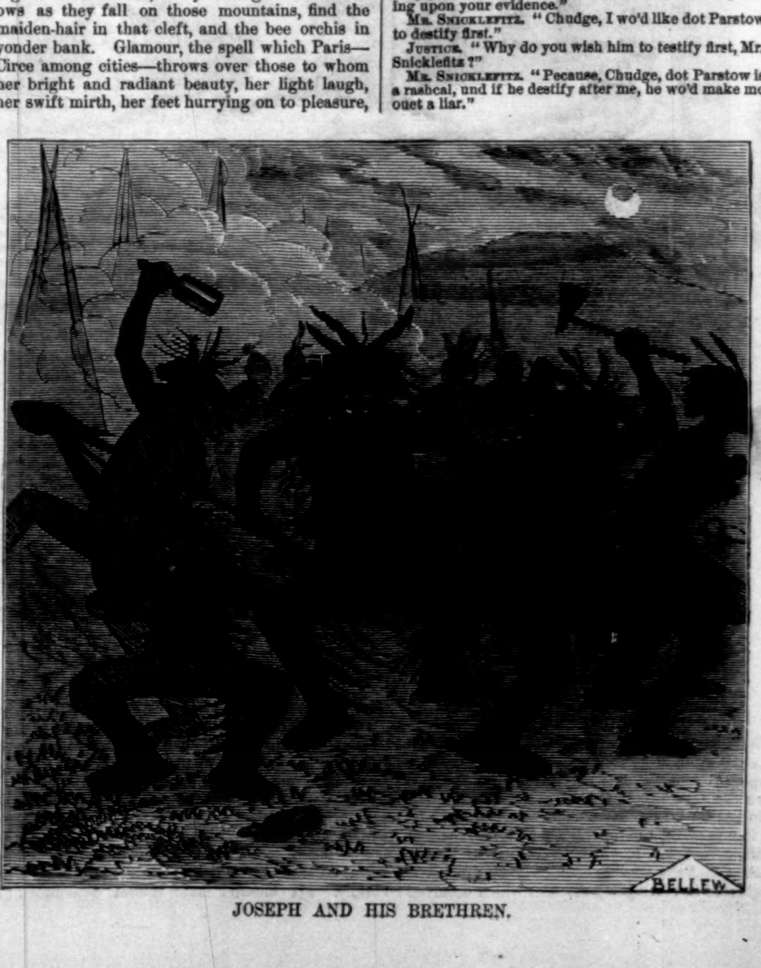
Mr. Snicklefitz (*who is an ex-justice himself, and is up to "snuff"*). "Chudge, I like not dot."

Justice. "Why, what's the matter? You and Mr. Barstow, who will be here to testify directly, were the only persons who saw the assault, and we are depending upon your evidence."

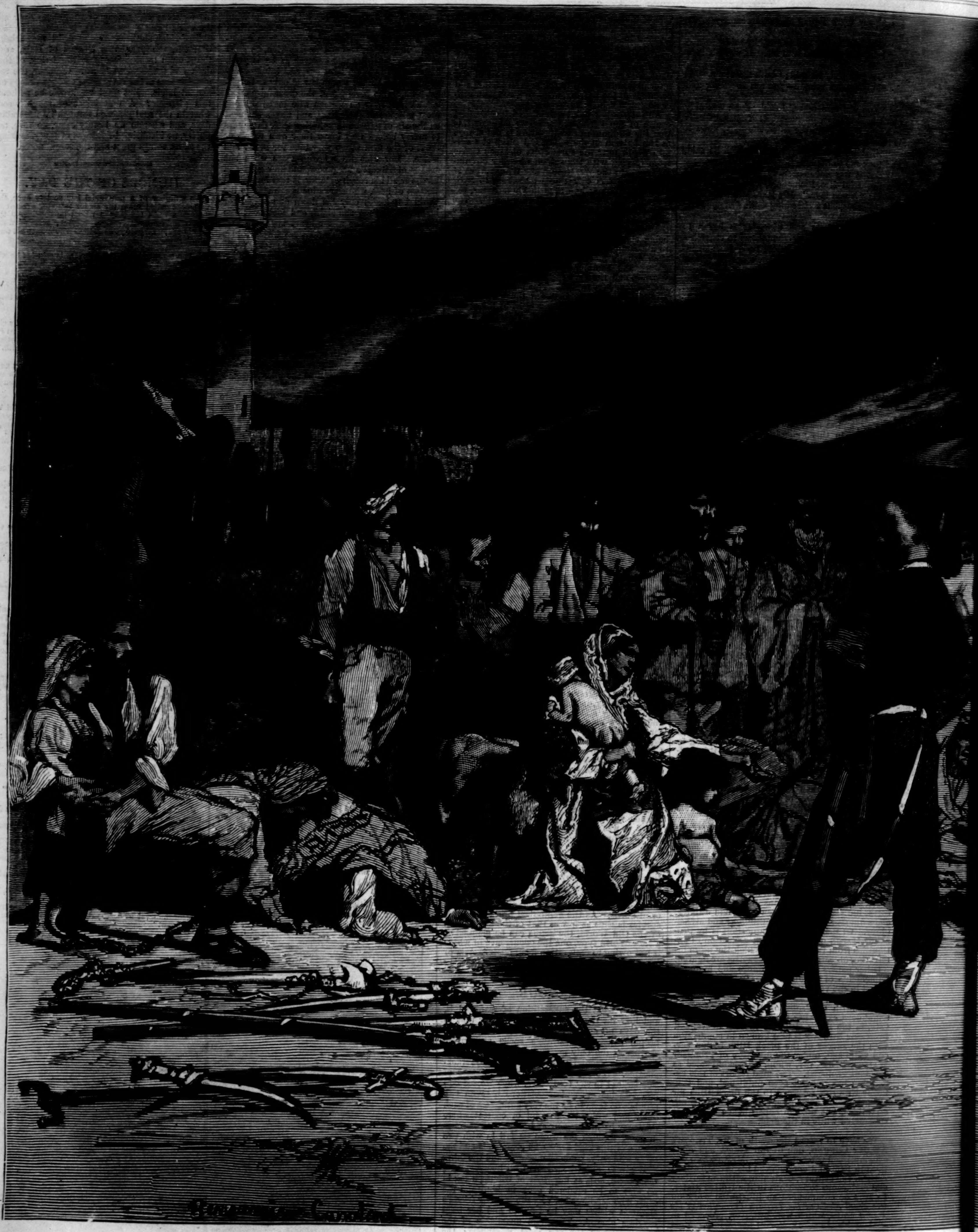
Mr. Snicklefitz. "Chudge, I wo'd like dot Parstow to destify first."

Justice. "Why do you wish him to testify first, Mr. Snicklefitz?"

Mr. Snicklefitz. "Pecause, Chudge, dot Parstow is a rashcal, und if he destify after me, he wo'd make me ouet a liar."



JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.



“MERCY!”—A BULGARIAN VILLAGE RETAKEN—THE IN

“MERCY!”

Whatever amount of injustice and oppression may be suffered by any people, war is always a desperate remedy; but certainly in no instance have the evils complained of ever been so largely increased by the means adopted for escape as in the case of the provinces now in rebellion against Turkey. It will be remembered by our readers that the terrible conflict now in progress originated in some petty disputes which occurred after the harvest of 1874 between the Christian peasantry of Herzegovina and the tithe farmers commissioned by the Ottoman government. This difficulty, insignificant in the beginning, was aggravated in one way and another until the whole province was in a state of revolt. The following spring a rebellion broke out in Bulgaria, complicated by the action of Servia and Montenegro, which countries took advantage of the disturbed state of affairs to declare war against Turkey. Six months later Russia determined upon interference for the purpose of protecting the Christian subjects in the neighborhood of the Danube, and thus the struggle began to assume its present proportions.

Whatever the ills suffered by the inhabitants of this quarter of the globe before the breaking out of the war, they were insignificant compared with the horrors that have enveloped them ever since. Both parties have displayed a ferocity in their mode of warfare that rivals the conduct of savages. Deprivation, misery, and loss of life have been endured, not by the soldiery, but by the rural population, helpless old men, women, and children—all who have not been able to find comparative safety within the ranks of either army. No life has been safe from the wandering bands of merciless executioners, composed of lawless wretches who, upon one pretext or another, rob, murder, and pillage in every direction. Some follow in the wake of the Russians, and recklessly destroy all Turkish property within their reach; others represent themselves as Turks, and wreak their vengeance
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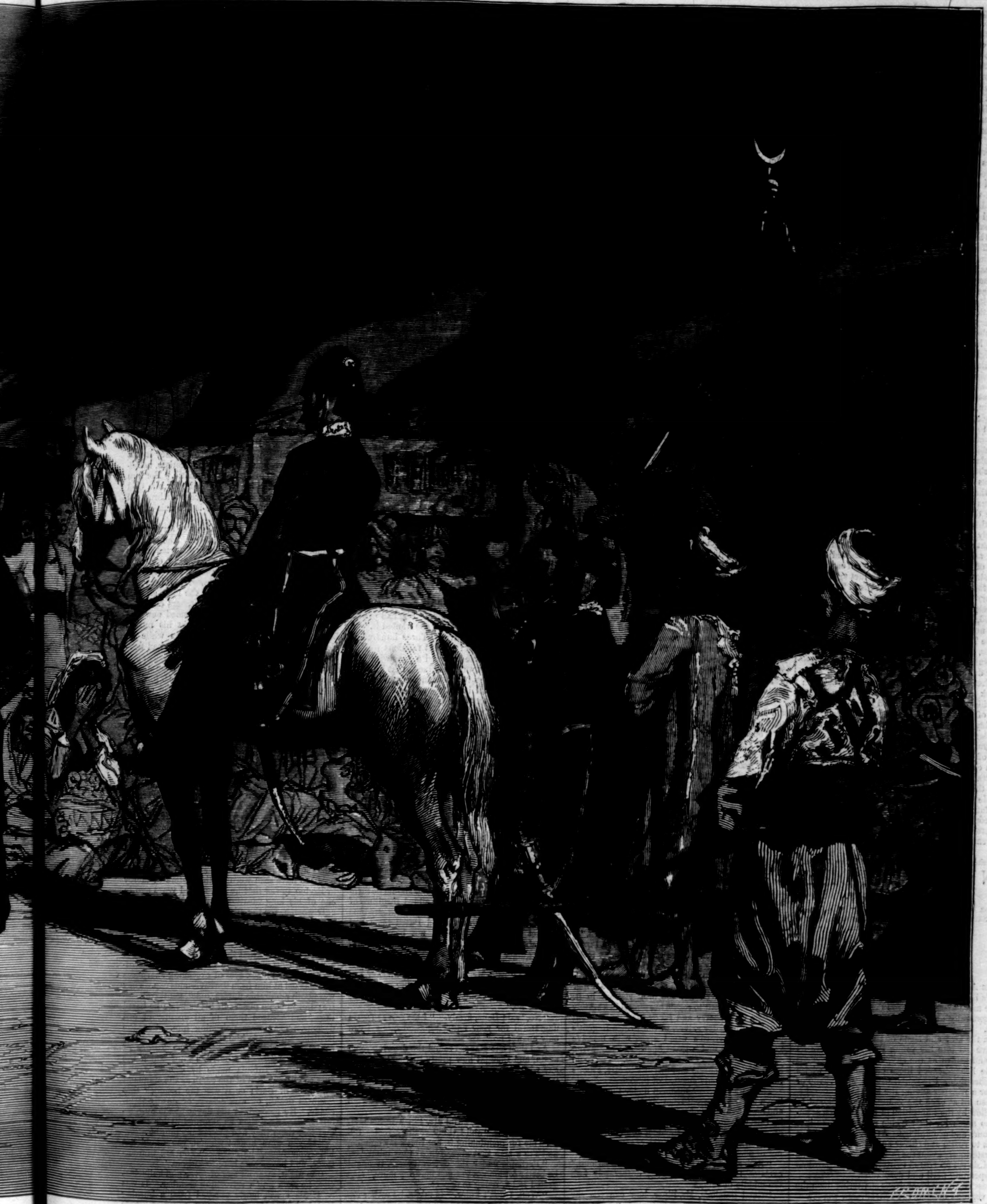

E INH BITANTS BROUGHT BEFORE THE TURKISH COMMANDER.

engeance the Christian popula-
orrespond writes: “From any
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that ar d knew that it must
have been physically impossible for those unfortunate people to escape the murdering Bulgarians, who are ever ready to pounce on the defenseless, and wreak on them their long pent-up vengeance. Again, on the other hand, I have had ocular demonstration of the sacking and massacre of a large Bulgarian town, and needed only time to have discovered more abundant proofs. I hear on every side the same story—Turks murdered and defiled by Christians, and Christians by Turks. I pass through villages actually by the hundred where nothing remains alive but the dogs and poultry, and where every house alike, Turk or Christian, has in its turn been ransacked. In the fields the most bounteous crop that Providence has given—partly, perhaps, to heal the sores of last year, if men would allow it to be so—lies rotting on the ground, while far and near the husbandman had disappeared, his cattle scattered, his stacks of winter fodder a charred heap, and his cottage a ruin; his wife and children, if God has been merciful to them, dead, and their dishonor forgotten; or lost in some mountain forests, where they pass their trembling hours in terror and starvation. As to isolated cases of cruelty and barbarity, it is impossible to record them, so innumerable are they and so irrefutable is the evidence.”

It can not be denied that at the outbreak of hostilities the Turks had a difficult time; for upon the approach of the Russians the whole Bulgarian population rose against the Moslems, murdering them in large numbers, besides destroying railways and telegraphs, and otherwise rendering substantial assistance to the invaders. Yet if the conduct of both parties be compared, much more can be said in favor of the Bulgarians than in favor of the Turks; for while the religion of the latter teaches them in all cases to exterminate their enemies, the Bulgarians have in many instances shown a disposition toward a merciful treatment of their vanquished foes. Thus at Kazanlik, during the occupation of the town by General GOURKHO, a mixed commission was organized, and a party of Turks and Bulgarians were seated upon the same bench, adjudging penalties for crimes of various sorts. The names of the members of the commission were as follows: The president, a Russian, Ivantcho Kasseffe; the Bulgarian members—Christo Christoffe, Christo Raeffe, Jean N. Ouzounoffe, Grigoire Tancheffe, Gancho Pavleffe, and Ivancho S. Tcholakoffe (a priest); the Turkish members—Hadji Ibrahim Aga, Koutchuk Hossein Aga, and Kiamil Bey. The execution of two men convicted of perpetrating various outrages having been decided upon, one of the Turkish members stepped forward and said that the malefactors had been unanimously condemned for evil deeds against Turks as well as Bulgarians, and all men who acted vilely, pillaging or murdering, whether Bulgarians or Turks, would be so condemned. Then a Bulgarian member proclaimed the same warning, after which the men were executed, being made to stand on chairs while the rope was being adjusted. There was no scaffold erected for the occasion, but a wooden frame-work, designed for the support of vines, was made to answer as a substitute. Neither was there a large crowd collected around the place, as would have been the case in a European city. Undoubtedly familiarity with scenes of death blunts the sensibilities, and when men see every day the bodies of their fellows covered with blood and hideous with ghastly wounds, a simple hanging produces little effect. But even this slight attempt on the part of the Bulgarians to administer justice, supplemented as it was by the assistance of the Turkish members of the commission, shows that some idea of law and order is at work among them.

Again, we have the testimony of another correspondent, writing from a different part of Bulgaria, to the same effect: "It only depends on the situation of a Russian force whether there is a rebellion of the subjects of the Porte in that particular district or not. The Russians foster this rebellion in every possible way; and it is needless to say that they draw no small profit from these horrors, whichever way they go. If Moslems are destroyed, it is so many dangerous people out of the way; if Bulgarians or Christians, then so much more is Russia justified in her holy war. But I must, in justice to Russia, say that though I have cross-questioned many Turks as to the treatment they received at the hands of their enemy, I have not heard one single complaint against them; and the fact speaks for itself, for I have met large caravans of Turks actually trying to make their way back to be under the shelter of the Russian columns. On the other hand, I have not met a single Bulgarian who would not fly for his life if he knew where to go; but the Turks will not allow them to leave their villages, for fear of their swelling the number of the insurgents."

Our double-page engraving is but one of a series already published, showing better than pen and ink can do the abject condition of the Bulgarian villagers when confronted by a conquering force of Turks. The appeal for "Mercy!" will probably be in vain, for, according to the artist, the village has once been occupied by the Russians, afterward recaptured by the Moslems. How much of guilt may rest upon the souls of the Bulgarian captives, and what outrages they may have perpetrated upon their Turkish neighbors while under the protection of the Russian flag, it is impossible to tell, but there can be no doubt of their fate now; and unhappily the vengeance of their conquerors will fall with equal weight upon murderous men, helpless women, and innocent children.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. PIPER MAKES AN OFFER.

One August morning, just about the time of Cyril's illness, Bella Scratchell found her pupils a shade more averse from the delights of learning and generally unpleasant in their behavior than usual. The morning was sultry—there was thunder in the air; and some of the thunder seemed to have got into the young Pipers, who were as dull and leaden as the sky, and as sulkily silent as the heavy-headed limes on the lawn, whose branches flopped moodily, with never a rustle of leaf or a whisper among the boughs.

Then all at once the young Pipers—moved to rebellion by the imposition of a task which seemed too much for their feeble minds—broke into murmurs and grumblings. At that time the trees began to rustle and shiver and talk to one another mysteriously about the fast-coming storm, while the birds set up scared twitterings, and chattered of impending peril and desolation.

Presently came great drops spattering upon the iron veranda outside the school-room window—harbingers of a flood—and then the rain came down in a dense sheet of water, and the lightning flashed pale and sickly illumination over the gray rain-blotted landscape, and the thunder roared awfully, like some infuriated giant threatening Little Yafford from his lurking-place among the black undulations of the moor.

The young Pipers gave vent to their terror in shrill screams and yappings, and cowered in corners with their heads shrouded in their pinafores. They were terrified at the storm, but they were glad of its coming, since it afforded an excellent excuse for avoiding their lessons.

"You can't expect us to say French verbs in a thunder-storm," remonstrated Elizabeth Fry, when Bella tried to continue her course of instruction. "The subjunctive's difficult enough at the best of times—a lot of ridiculous words ending in *isse*—but it's too bad with the lightning glaring in one's face."

"I shouldn't wonder if mar had asked for this storm on purpose to frighten *you*," said Brougham, addressing himself vindictively to his governess. "She's in heaven, you know, and can see how badly you treat us."

Bella abandoned the lessons as hopeless. She could not go home in this flood of rain. She stood at the window watching the storm, while her pupils, released from the thralldom of study, and grown hardened to the tempest, rioted about the room, knocked over the chairs, pelted each other with lesson-books, and concluded every argument with fisticuffs. She did not attempt to check this youthful exuberance—first because she knew any such endeavor would be worse than useless; and secondly, because the supervision of her pupils' moral conduct was not in the bond. She was engaged and paid to teach them a smattering of various languages, history, grammar, geography, and the piano. Nothing more.

At one o'clock the rain had ceased and the storm had abated, though the sky still looked heavy. One o'clock was Bella's hour for leaving her pupils; half past one was their hour for dinner. The half hour between one and dinner-time was a period of peculiar strife and riot, the tempers of the youthful Pipers being exacerbated by hunger. There was always a warm conflict between them and the young woman told off for their service, who wanted them to have "their 'ands washed and their 'air brushed for dinner," and who was threatened with Mr. Piper's condign displeasure if she sent them into the dining-room unkempt and unwashed.

In Mrs. Piper's lifetime Bella had generally aided in this struggle, but she was now in the habit of going away directly the lessons were over.

On this particular occasion she found Mr. Piper smoking his cigar in the hall, as she had found him very often lately. Hitherto she had contrived to slip by him with a friendly good-morning, or at most a brief interchange of remarks about the weather, and a grateful little speech in acknowledgment of his last offering from the farm or the kitchen-garden. To-day she could not escape so easily.

"You ain't a-goin' yet, Beller," said Mr. Piper, laying his stumpy fingers on her arm. "Look at that there sky! It'll rain 'eavens 'ard presently."

"Then I had better get home before it begins," suggested Bella.

"No, you don't. I'm not going to be avoided in this way. Widowers ain't poison, that a young woman need shun them as if her life was in danger. I want to have a serious talk with you, Beller. I've been wanting such a talk for a long time, but you've managed to give me the slip. This day I'm determined to say my say. You ain't going out under that sky, and you are going to hear what I've got to tell you. That's how it's going to be."

"You have such strength of will, Mr. Piper!" said Bella, with her pretty little laugh. "How could a poor little thing like me oppose you?"

"You ain't a poor little thing," retorted Mr. Piper. "You're a pretty little thing, and you ain't poor. No young woman with your attractions can be poor. There's always some one in the background ready to lay his 'art and 'and at her feet."

Bella shuddered. Mr. Piper's conversation was growing significant. She would have given a great deal to get away. She thought of Cyril Culverhouse, of him who in her mind was the image of dignity and refinement. What would his love have been like, could she have won it? In what sweet words—borrowed unconsciously from divinest poet—would he have whispered his passion? And here was Mr. Piper breathing hard, and looking odiously warm and puffy, evidently bent upon making her an offer.

"And if he should ask me, all of them at home would want me to accept him," thought Bella, despairingly. "I should be worried to death."

"Come into the drawring-room," said Mr. Piper. "The children won't come there. I want to be serious."

He led her into that rarely used apartment, which had a vault-like aspect now that Mrs. Piper no longer received her morning visitors in it. She had been wont to regale her guests in a stately manner with sherry and fancy biscuits, brought in upon a monster salver, of the Prince Regent's period, in Garrard's worst style, with massive gadroon edges and a great flourish of engraving—weighing as heavy as a coal-scuttle. The room had smelled of sherry and biscuits in Mrs. Piper's time. Now it only smelled of mildew.

There was a centre ottoman under the chandelier, a birthday present from Mr. Piper to his wife, and one of the first of its kind that had been seen in Little Yafford. Upon this the manufacturer seated himself, with his shoulder at an uncomfortable angle with Bella's shoulder, after the manner of such ottomans.

"Beller, I've been in love with you ever so long," exclaimed Mr. Piper, plunging desperately into the middle of things.

"Good gracious, Mr. Piper, how can you say any thing so horrible?" cried Bella. "Your poor dear wife has been dead hardly six months."

"I was not in love with you during my sainted wife's lifetime," said Mr. Piper. "My principles are too firmly fixed for that. I am not a Mohammedan. But I had an eye for the Beautiful, even in Mrs. Piper's lifetime, and I knew that you came up to the mark in that line. Mrs. Piper's death left a vide here"—Mr. Piper touched his waistcoat to indicate that the vacuum was in his heart—"a vide which I feel you can fill. You can be a refined and lady-like mother to my children, a clever mistress of my house, and a comfort and happiness to me. It is in you to be all that, Beller. I know it and feel it; and I will go so far as to say that it is a fine opportunity for you—an opportunity which any young woman in your position would be proud to grasp."

"I could never marry where I did not love," faltered Bella, foreseeing no end to the trouble at home that would come out of this.

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Piper, looking warmer and puffier than ever; "but what's to prevent your loving me?"

"I respect you," murmured Bella, feeling obliged to say something civil.

"Well, that's half-way," answered the widower, with a satisfied air. "You begin with respect; you'll get on to love before you know where you are. I'm proud to say I've always made myself respected every where. I've kept my sack upright. Twenty shillings in the pound has been my guiding star. Go on respecting me, Beller. You'll wake up some morning and find that respect has blossomed into love."

Here Mr. Piper put his arm round Bella's waist. She found that it would not do to temporize.

"Dear Mr. Piper," she said, putting on that pretty beseeching manner which stood in such good stead with her on most occasions, "you are all that is kind and generous; but indeed it can never be."

"What can never be?"

"I can never be your wife. I will not speak of the disparity in our ages, because—"

"Because that's rubbish," interrupted the impatient Piper. "You'd better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. I know what the young men of the present day are. Between you and I and the post, they're an uncommon bad lot. You'd better think twice before you refuse such an offer as mine, Beller. It isn't every pretty girl that gets such a chance once in her life. Don't you expect to get it twice. Just you think who it is you're refusing. I could buy up every body for ten miles round Little Yafford. I'm not a man to boast of the money I've made. Every body knows what I am at Great Yafford—and further afield. My name on the back of a bill is as good as the Bank of England. Look at this place; I could buy it to-morrow if I liked; and if you say, 'Buy it, Piper,' I'll buy it, and place you as 'igh as any of the old county famblies. Sir Philip Dulcimer don't care for the place. It's me that has made it what it is. Look at the furniture and ornaments I've bought to please poor Mrs. Piper—this very ottermon we're sitting on, five-and-thirty pound, the newest thing out. You'd better think twice, and a good many times twice, before you turn up your nose at such an offer as mine. I'll allow you three hundred a year for dress and fallals. Yes, settle it upon you in black and white; and that's a deal more than ever I did for poor Moggie. She had to ask me for a ten-pound note when she wanted it."

Bella gave a faint shiver. Three hundred a year for pocket-money! What fabulous wealth it seemed! But three hundred a year with Mr. Piper—to have that warm puffiness, that blustering vulgarity, always in attendance upon her—to be called Beller all her life—to see across the domestic hearth that odious figure of low-born merit and commercial prosperity! No, it would be too dreadful. She could not bear it. She was fond of money—nay, she loved it with the ravenous love that comes of a poverty-stricken youth. If she had never known Cyril Culverhouse, never set her affections on that high type of manhood, she might, perhaps, have brought herself to tolerate Mr. Piper for the sake of Little Yafford Park and unlimited drapery. But now—oh, it was impossible.

She looked round the drawing-room. It was spacious and lofty, but eminently commonplace in all its details. She began to think idly—while the widower sank into a stertorous reverie, with his hands plunged deep into his shepherd's plaid pockets—how she would make Mr. Piper refurnish the room if she were his wife. All those clumsy rose-wood chairs and tables should be turned out to give place to light gilded furniture of the Louis Seize period, upholstered with sky-blue satin. The revival of the old Dutch taste had not yet set in. People had not begun to go mad about Queen Anne cabinets and blue and white ginger jars. Bella's imagination did not soar above gilded chairs and blue satin curtains.

"Come," said Mr. Piper, shaking himself out of his abstraction, like a dog coming out of the water. "Come, Beller, what's your ultamatum? Yes, or no."

"No," said Bella, firmly. "I am sorry to seem ungrateful for your flattering regard, but I can only answer no."

And then she glanced round the drawing-room again, and thought how pretty it would look, all gay with blue and gold, and what a grand thing it would be to sit there, elegantly dressed, framed in flowers, like an old portrait by Boucher, receiving the best people in Little Yafford, and patronizing Miss Coyney.

"Well, I'm sorry," said Mr. Piper, in his matter-of-fact tone, "and I think you're a fool. Excuse me for mentioning it, but that's my opinion, and I'm a man that always speaks my mind."

"Perhaps, under the circumstances, it might be better for me not to come here any more," suggested Bella, rising to depart.

"Well, I don't know. It might be rather aggravating to my feelings for me to see you, perhaps; but never mind me. I'm nobody."

"I am sure I had better not come," said Bella. "You will easily find some one to replace me."

"Oh, Lord, yes," exclaimed Mr. Piper, testily. "Governesses are as plentiful as blackberries. Old and ugly, most of 'em—the cleverer they are, the uglier—and bony. I find that learning generally runs into bone. If ever I see a man whose elbow and knee joints stand out extra sharp, and whose hair hasn't been made acquainted with a pair of scissors for a twelvemonth, I make up my mind that he's a professor."

"Good-by," faltered Bella, holding out her hand. "I hope you don't feel angry with me."

"I don't feel pleased with you," answered Mr. Piper, "and I'm too candid to pretend it. Good-by."

They shook hands, and Bella went home, feeling very uncomfortable. She had refused the richest man in the neighborhood, and she had lost her situation. How would the intelligence of these two facts be received by her anxious mother and her stony-hearted father? Bella knew that she would have to endure the reproaches and upbraidings of both.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CYRIL'S NURSES.

While the church bells were ringing daily in the tower above his head, and the old Bridford chimes, famous long ago, were heralding the birth of every hour with a fine old psalm tune that pealed out over the busy, money-making city like an echo of the past, Cyril Culverhouse was lying at the bottom of a deep dark gulf of pain and confusion, and all the outer world and all the life that he had lived were canceled and forgotten.

Strange images danced before his eyes like motes in the sunshine, yet seemed to him neither strange nor unexpected. He had a history of his own in that period of delirium—a new identity, new surroundings, a mad wild world peopled out of his own brain. Bishops and archbishops came and sat beside his bed and held long arguments with him—figments of a mind distraught, the shadows that haunt fever dreams, but to him intensely real. The dead came back to life to hold converse with him, and he was not surprised. No, he had always thought there was something in the ideas of the old necromancers. The elixir of life was not an impossibility. Here was Luther with his square solid face and sensual humorous mouth. Here was Pascal, full of quaint sayings and far-reaching thoughts. The sick man talked for all of them. His talk was wildest raving to the ears that listened, but to his own fancy it was profoundest wisdom. There is no egotism, no belief in self, equal to that of the lunatic. For him the stars and moon have been made, for him God willingly performs miracles which overthrow all the laws of the universe. He is the axis of the world, and lets it go round.

How long those days and nights of fever were! That was the chief agony of them. The eternity of hours—so thickly peopled with distorted shapes that every quarter of an hour was an era. Of actual physical pain the sufferer had no consciousness; but weariness almost too heavy to be borne weighed upon him in the long strange nights, when the faces of his watchers changed, and the very walls of his room seemed new and unknown to him. He fancied that his nurses had removed him into new lodgings while he slept, though it seemed to him that he had never slept.

Sometimes he fancied himself in one place, sometimes in another. He was at Oxford, in those old rooms of his looking into the college garden. He was at Little Yafford, at Culverhouse—any where but where he really was.

And his nurses, who were they? He faintly remembered Mrs. Podmore leaning over his bed—fat and scant of breath—with a medicine glass in her hand, coaxing him to drink. He remembered Sarah making believe to step softly, in creaking shoes whose every movement was agony to him. But these things were lost in the darkness of remote ages. His present nurses seemed to have been tending him during a century.

There were two, one tall, slender, dignified of bearing, yet gracious in every movement; the other short, small, and brisk. They were dressed exactly alike—in the costume of some religious order, as he supposed. They wore long black robes and white linen caps, such as he remembered to have seen worn by the Sisters of Mercy in Breton towns that he had visited years ago in one of his long vacations. Admirable caps for ugly women, for the stiff linen borders projected a quarter of a yard beyond the face, entirely concealed the profile, and overshadowed the countenance at all times.

Cyril knew only that the taller of his two nurses had dark eyes and a pale face, and that the little woman had black eyes of exceeding sharpness that flashed at him from the cavernous cap. They were both admirable nurses, quiet, gentle, attentive; but in some phases of his delirium he hated them, and accused them of all manner of evil designs. They were poisoning him. Yes, the medicine they made him take at stated intervals contained a slow poison—the *Aqua Tofana* of the Middle Ages—that horrible stuff which the wicked witch Tofania made by wholesale, and sent to all the cities of the earth as the Manna of St. Nicola of Bari; or it was the hemlock that Socrates drank, or wolf's-bane, or deadly-nightshade. He recognized the flavor of the murderous herb. And then he stormed at his nurses and told them they had plotted his murder.

"If you were honest women, you would not hide your faces," he cried. "You are murderesses, and have come here to kill me."

One night, after an age of fever and hallucination, he sank into a refreshing slumber. It was as if his spirit, newly escaped from a burning hell, had slipped unawares into paradise. Fair meadows and flowing streams—an ineffable sense of coolness and relief—and then deep rest and stillness.

When he awoke, the summer dawn filled the room. Through the widely opened windows came the fresh breeze of the morning. A soft cool hand was on his brow, the tall nurse's dark figure stood beside his bed.

All his delusions, all his hideous fancies, seemed to have run out of his brain, like water out of a sieve, during that one sweet sleep. Suddenly and completely as the leper at the Divine Healer's bidding he was made sound and whole. Very weak still, with a strange sense of utter helplessness and prostration, he yet felt himself cured. The fire that had made life a torture had burned itself out.

He looked up at his nurse. How purely white that quaint old head-gear of hers looked in the morning sunshine! He remembered the bright freshness of just such another morning in his holiday rambles five years ago, and just such another black-robed figure and white cap, a Sister of Mercy waiting for the starting of the diligence in the old market square at Vannes—the white dusty square, the scanty trees that seemed to have been planted yesterday, the shabby old cathedral looking down at him.

"You are a Frenchwoman, are you not?" he asked, the weakness of his voice startling him a little.

"*Mais si*," she answered, gently.

He tried to get her to talk, but she answered him only in monosyllables. He tried to see her face, but the position in which she held her head always prevented him.

"Perhaps her cap is the prettiest thing about her, and she would rather show that than her face," he thought.

Even that brief conversation exhausted him, and he fell asleep again. Those weary hours of delirious wakefulness had left him long arrears of sleep to make up. He slept on till dusk, and Mr. Saunders coming and finding him locked in that deep slumber, pronounced him out of danger.

"Our medicines have never been able to touch him," he said, frankly. "It has been an unaided struggle between nature and disease. I ought not to say unaided, though," he added, apologetically, to the little nursing sister in the Breton cap. "Your care has been a very powerful assistance."

The little woman thanked him effusively in her broken English. The taller nurse spoke only French, and as little of that as possible.

When Cyril awoke again, just before night-fall, the small nurse was sitting by his bed.

"Where is the other?" he asked.

"Gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes. You are now much better—on the high-road to recovery. You no longer want two nurses. My companion has gone home."

"She is wanted for some other case, perhaps."

"No doubt she soon will be."

"To what order do you belong?"

"To a community of nursing sisters."

"In Brittany?"

"Yes."

"What part of Brittany?"

"We never talk about ourselves. It is one of the rules of our order. We come and go like the wind."

"But how was it that you came to me? Who sent for you?"

"We were not sent for. We happened to hear of your illness, and we knew you were a good man. It was a duty to come and nurse you."

"What, me?—a Protestant?"

"We are not sectarian. We go wherever we are wanted."

"But how do you—Breton nuns—come to be in England?"

"We are not nuns. We are a nursing sisterhood, bound by no vows. We heard of the pest raging in this town, and came here to be useful."

"You are very good people," said Cyril. "I am sorry the other sister is gone. I should have liked to have talked to her, but this morning she would answer me only in monosyllables."

"It is not good for you to talk, and it is one of our rules to talk as little as possible."

For three days the figure in the loose black gown was constantly at Cyril's bedside. He heard the little woman telling her beads in the dead of night. If she were no nun, she was at any rate a stanch Roman Catholic; but she did not endeavor to convert him to her own creed. She was a modest, unobtrusive little woman, but during those three days she very often broke the rule of her order, and talked to the patient a good deal. She talked of Brittany, which she knew thoroughly, and sometimes of modern French literature, which she knew better than she ought to have done as a member of a religious sisterhood.

On the fourth day she was gone, and another figure dressed in black, with neat white cap and apron, was by Cyril's bedside. The face of this watcher was not hidden. He knew it well—a homely English face that brought back the thought of his work in the courts and back streets of Bridford.

"Mrs. Joyce!" he exclaimed. "Have you turned nurse?"

"What more blessed privilege can I have, Sir, than to take care of you? I owe you what is a great deal more to me than my own life—the life of my beloved son. Oh, Sir, if he ever comes to be a Milton or a Shakspeare, the world will bless you for your goodness, as I do now!"

Cyril smiled at her enthusiasm. Perhaps every mother whose son writes obscure verses in doubtful English believes with Mrs. Joyce that she has produced a Milton.

"I should have come before, Sir, if the two ladies hadn't been here. But they were such good nurses I didn't want to interfere with them."

"Do you know where they came from, or why they came?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Culverhouse. They were foreigners, and I suppose they came from foreign parts."

"Neither of my doctors sent for them, I believe."

"No, Sir. Mr. Saunders told me they came and went like spirits; but he was wishful there were more like them."

"And your son is really recovered?"

"Yes, Sir. It is a most wonderful cure. He rallied that night, and was up and about at the end of the week. To both of us it seemed like a miracle. I have read the gospel about the widow's son every night and morning after my prayers, and I have read it two or three times to Emmanuel. Oh, Sir, I hope and believe you have wrought a double cure. I think my son's heart is turned to holy things. He has read his Bible very often lately. I have watched him, and I think he is beginning to find out that there is truth and comfort to be found in it."

"He can not read the gospel long without making that discovery. Young men are too apt to form their judgment of the Bible from what other people have written about it. When they go to the fountain-head they find their mistake."

Cyril was not satisfied till he had questioned Mr. Saunders and Dr. Bolling, who had come to see him daily, without any fee, about the two French nurses. But neither of these could tell him more than he knew already.

"I wish I did know more about them," said Mr. Saunders. "Whatever institution they belong to, it's an admirable one, and I'm sorry we haven't a few more institutions of that kind over here. I don't think we should have pulled you through if it hadn't been for that excellent nursing. No; upon my word, I believe you owe those two women your life."

"And I do not even know their names, or where they are to be found," said Cyril, regretfully.

It worried him not a little to be under so deep an obligation, and to have no mode of expressing his gratitude. At one time he thought of putting an advertisement in the *Times*, thanking his unknown nurses for their care. But on reflection this seemed idle. They were doubtless what they represented themselves—sisters of some religious order, who did good for the love of God. They had no need of his thanks. Yet he puzzled himself not a little about the whole business. Why should he have been selected, above all other sufferers in the town of Bridford, as the recipient of this gratuitous care?

As soon as he was able to leave his bed, Dr. Bolling insisted on his going off to the sea-side to get strength before he went back to his work. This vexed him sorely, but he could not disobey.

"You've been as near the gates of death as a man can well go without passing through them," said the doctor.

[to be continued.]

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

The corner-stone of the monument designed to commemorate the surrender of Burgoyne was laid on the 17th of October, the one-hundredth anniversary of that important event. It is not necessary to recapitulate here the story of the campaign which terminated in a glorious victory for the cause of American independence—a story with which every school-boy is familiar; and we shall only call attention to the monument itself and the beautiful country which it will overlook.

The valley of the Hudson above the head of steam navigation is comparatively little known. Few of the many thousands who annually visit Saratoga, Lake George, and the Adirondacks ever deviate from the great thoroughfares of travel. Yet there are few lovelier spots in the State than the one selected for his home by General Schuyler while he was still a faithful subject of the English crown. But no railroad has yet invaded its fruitful fields and sylvan solitudes. From Greenwich on the east, Mechanicsville on the south, and Saratoga on the west, the stage-coach is still the only mode of travel to Schuylerville, where the visitor may still see the house of General Schuyler, rebuilt in ten days by his zealous comrades after its destruction by General Burgoyne. There also stands the house occupied by the English officers at that time, and made familiar by the graphic journal of Madame Riedesel. The same stream that turned the wheels of Schuyler's mills does the same work for flour and cotton mills of the present day. Here the centre of the valley is almost level for miles, with steep escarpments, broken by table-lands, on either side, on the west attaining the height of about two hundred feet above the river within half a mile of the lower level. On this elevation, directly west of the Schuyler house, will stand the Saratoga Monument, which, with the surrounding scenery, forms the subject of our illustration on page 849, in which also are shown the steep ascents and table-lands on the east side of the river on which the American batteries were placed during the progress of the conflict which terminated in the surrender of Burgoyne.

The monument to be erected is in accordance with the provisions of an act incorporating the "Saratoga Monument Association," passed by the Legislature of the State of New York in 1873. It will be built from designs and drawings made by J. C. Markham, architect, adopted by the association, upon which was based the act of 1874 appropriating $50,000 toward its construction whenever the association shall have acquired other sufficient means to complete it. The monument is to be constructed of granite, with sculptures and tablets of bronze and silver. There are to be three groups of sculpture, illustrative of the three generals, Schuyler, Gates, and Morgan, placed in three of the large Gothic niches of the exterior; the fourth is simply inscribed with the name of Arnold. The floor at the base is to be mosaic, of original historic design. The bronze doors are to bear historic bass-reliefs. The stairs are also to be of bronze. The side walls of the interior are to be finished with historic inscriptions and bass-reliefs in granite, marble, bronze, silver, and gold, containing the names of all those who were conspicuous in the history of the campaign, and of all donors to the monument fund.

The estimated cost of the work is $200,000. Of this sum about $15,000 has been raised by private contributions. Under the judicious management of those having the matter in charge, this sum has sufficed to build the foundation and one-quarter of the base or plinth, and to lay the corner-stone. And now the question is, Shall the means be furnished to complete the monument? All admit that it ought to be done. Surely $200,000 is not a large sum for so patriotic an object.

On the page opposite our illustration of the monument we give an engraving from Trumbull's celebrated painting of the surrender of Burgoyne. The original is in the Trumbull Gallery in New Haven, Connecticut; an enlarged copy adorns the Rotunda of the national Capitol. Prominent in the centre of the picture are Generals Gates, Burgoyne, and Riedesel, and Colonels Morgan and Wilkinson. General Gates has advanced a few steps from the entrance of his marquee to meet his prisoner who, with General Phillips, has dismounted, and is in the act of offering his sword, which General Gates declines to receive, and invites them to enter and partake of refreshments. A number of the principal officers of the American army are assembled near their general. The confluence of Fish Creek and the North River, where the British left their arms, is shown in the distance, near the head of Colonel Scammell; the troops are indistinctly seen crossing the creek and the meadows, under the direction of Colonel Lewis, then Quartermaster-General, and advancing toward the foreground: they disappear behind the wood, which serves to relieve the three principal figures, and again appear (grenadiers, without arms or accoutrements) to the left of General Gates. Officers on horseback, American, British, and German, precede the head of the column, and form an interesting cavalcade, following the two dismounted generals, and connecting the different parts of the picture.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 28.—St. Simon and St. Jude; Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

NOVEMBER.

Thursday, 1.—All-saints Day.
Sunday, 4.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 11.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 18.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 25.—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 30.—St. Andrew, the Apostle.

The meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, at Providence, was the occasion of an outburst of enthusiasm which would naturally remind an on-looker of a Methodist gathering. The whole sum needed to extinguish the Board's debt, $48,000, was raised in a single hour. Governor Page, of Vermont, led the way, although there was much misgiving expressed that the attempt would fail. "The scene that ensued," says the *Congregationalist*, "when it was announced that all the money was actually pledged, was one impossible to describe. There were clapping and shouting, and thumping with canes and umbrellas, stamping the feet, shaking hands, laughter, and also weeping for joy, waving of handkerchiefs, swinging of hats, and in some cases tossing them into the air, and, in fact, all sorts of demonstrations that could express joy at the result."

It was decided to appropriate $500,000 for the year—an advance of over $50,000 on 1876–77. Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was selected as the place of the next meeting. Rev. Dr. W. I. Budington will preach the opening sermon. Dr. Hopkins, though asking to be excused, was re-elected president. The meeting was largely attended, 500 honorary and eighty-seven corporate members of the Board being present. The number of persons entertained by the people of Providence was over 2500, which speaks well for their hospitality. But, in fact, wherever the American Board holds its sessions there is a generous outflow of Christian fellowship.

In the Triennial Episcopal Convention, at Boston, the House of Deputies chose the Rev. Dr. Burgess for president. At the third day's session Dr. De Koven, of Wisconsin, offered a resolution to appoint a commission of twenty-one persons for the purpose of considering "the question of a change in the legal title of the Church." After strenuous effort to lay the resolution on the table, it was adopted. Mr. Welch offered a resolution calling, in view of the prevalent indifference to religion among the laboring classes, "for individual work among the Christians of the Church, the establishment of Bible classes, Christian brotherhoods and sisterhoods, and for a more thorough knowledge of the Scriptures." This was adopted. At the beginning of the second week, Dr. Benedict, of the Committee on Constitutional Amendments, reported that "the proposed amendments to the constitution, providing for a shortened form of service, are inexpedient." A minority report was also offered. These reports led to a long debate.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey opened their services in Burlington, Vermont, on Sunday, October 7, with large audiences. Of Mr. Moody's evening discourse the Burlington *Free Press* says: "It was one of power and pathos, and must have touched many a heart. In the closing sentences it was especially effective." On the same day Major Whittle opened a series of meetings in Rutland.

October has been well filled with the conventions of the Churches and the great charitable associations. In addition to those whose proceedings have been noticed in this Intelligence, the triennial meeting of the Congregational National Council opens in Detroit October 17. About 350 delegates are expected to be present. One of the papers of great value expected is that of ex-President Woolsey on "The Bible in Schools." The Congregational benevolent societies have been invited to present to the Council written statements of their work and condition. The American Missionary Association, whose annual meeting will be held in Syracuse October 23–25, announces that at the close of its fiscal year, on September 30, one-fourth of its debt ($13,232) had been paid.

The contest in Ireland over the "Sunday Closing Bill," which is intended to be applied to liquor shops, waxes warm. A large meeting of the members of the liquor trade was recently held in Dublin, at which all repressive measures were strongly denounced. The Dublin correspondent of the London *Tablet* (Roman Catholic) says: "A pretty large experience of the popular feeling enables me to say that the immense majority of the better class of artisans and laborers are most decidedly in favor of at least greatly restricted hours on Sunday, and of restricted hours on week-nights, but particularly on the Saturday nights, when most of the evil done by drunkenness is unhappily inaugurated. The popular voice will loudly demand that such restrictions shall not be deferred beyond the next session of Parliament." The agreement of Catholics and Protestants in Ireland in demanding these restraints upon the liquor trade makes it quite probable that the passage of the "Sunday Closing Bill" will not be long delayed.

Mr. Tooth retires. As an ecclesiastical martyr his career is ended. No longer shall archbishop pursue him armed with the terrors of an inexorable logic; no more shall he wage unequal war with Lord Penzance. To speak plainly, Mr. Tooth has been left £10,000. He will resign his living at once, no matter how his appeal to the higher courts fares. It is his purpose to take a place at Croydon, where he will establish an orphanage, and will devote himself "to extra-parochial work." No one can help wishing Mr. Tooth, who is evidently a man of sincere purpose, happier days in the future.

The Rev. Dr. Poor, the recently elected secretary of the Presbyterian Education Board, presents in his annual report some statistics which he thinks throw light on the policy of aiding candidates for the ministry. After personally examining the candidates in sixteen colleges and seminaries, 462 were accepted or retained as beneficiaries of the board. Of this number, 116 are newly recommended. Of the standing of these students the following account is given: 102 of 249 now taking a theological course are graded as "high" in scholarship; forty-four, above medium; seventy-eight, medium; and the rest, below medium. In the colleges and academies the report is about the same. Out of the whole number of ministers enrolled on the Presbyterian minutes of 1876, 1583, or fully one-third, have been helped by the Education Board.

The raising of the whole amount of the debt of the American Board, which was *the* event of the recent meeting at Providence, was managed, as above stated, by Governor Page, of Vermont. Some good-natured opposition to the effort was made by the managers of the meeting. On the day after the deed was done, the Governor, in the course of a brief address, said that "*he came from a State where the battle of Bennington was fought without orders.*"

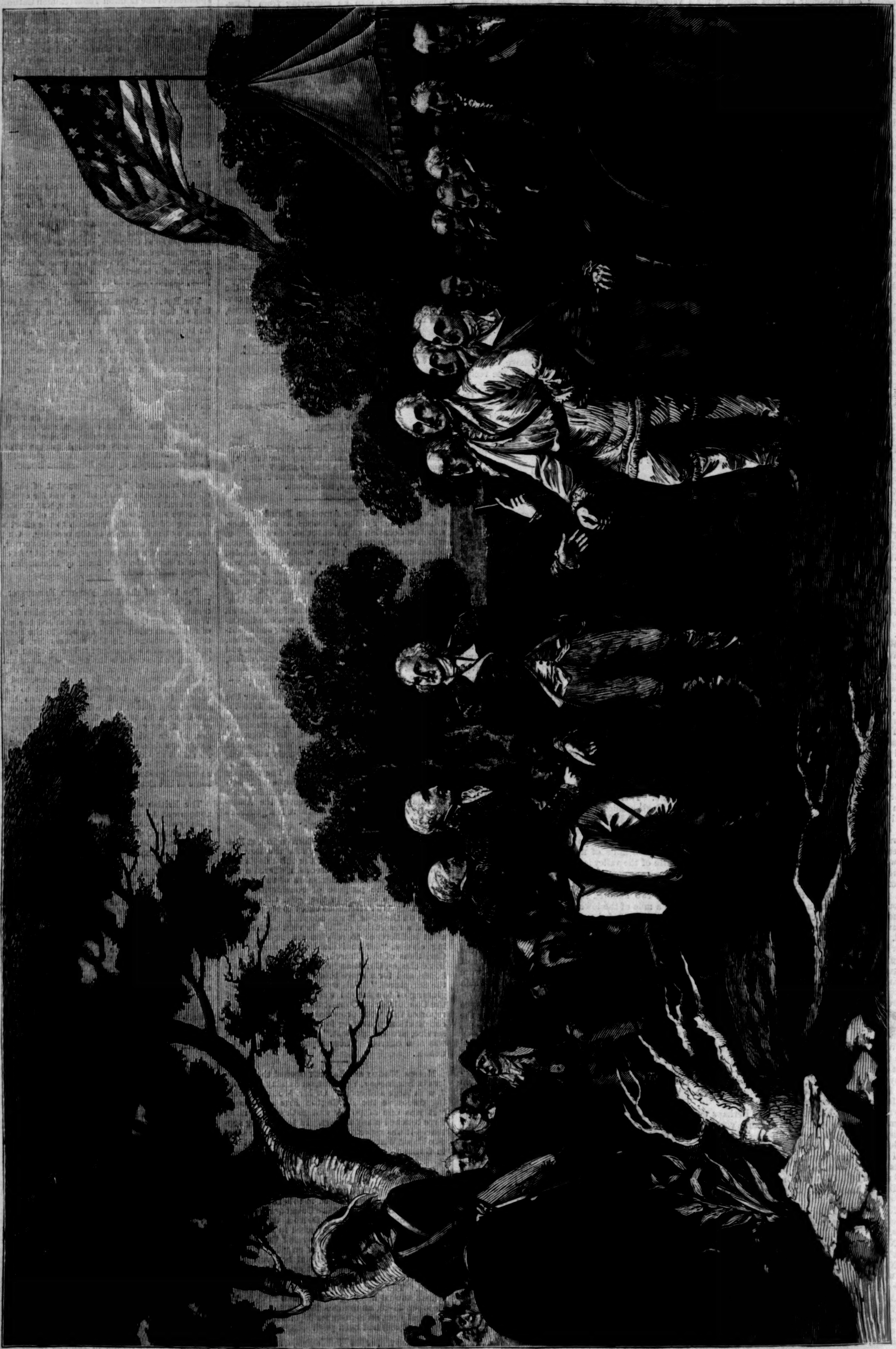
The trial of the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of the Glasgow Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, for rejection of the Westminster Confession, has reached the point of the submission of his answers to the Presbytery's questions. In the answers Mr. Ferguson made this statement: "The relation of the Church to the creed is the same as that of an individual to his personal convictions. He ought to give expression to his convictions, and the expression which he does give ought to be in perfect harmony with the convictions themselves; and if that is the law of the relation of the Church to the creed, then the confession ought at every moment to be a perfect expression of the living faith of the Church." Mr. Ferguson denies that the Westminster Confession does at this time express the faith of the Church. This case and others like it indicate an unsettled state of theological opinion among some of the Scotch Presbyterians.

The British exploration of Palestine is now announced to be complete. A large map on twenty-six sheets will be prepared on the same plan as the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain. Twenty of these sheets are now ready. A medium map, and a smaller one, will also be made.

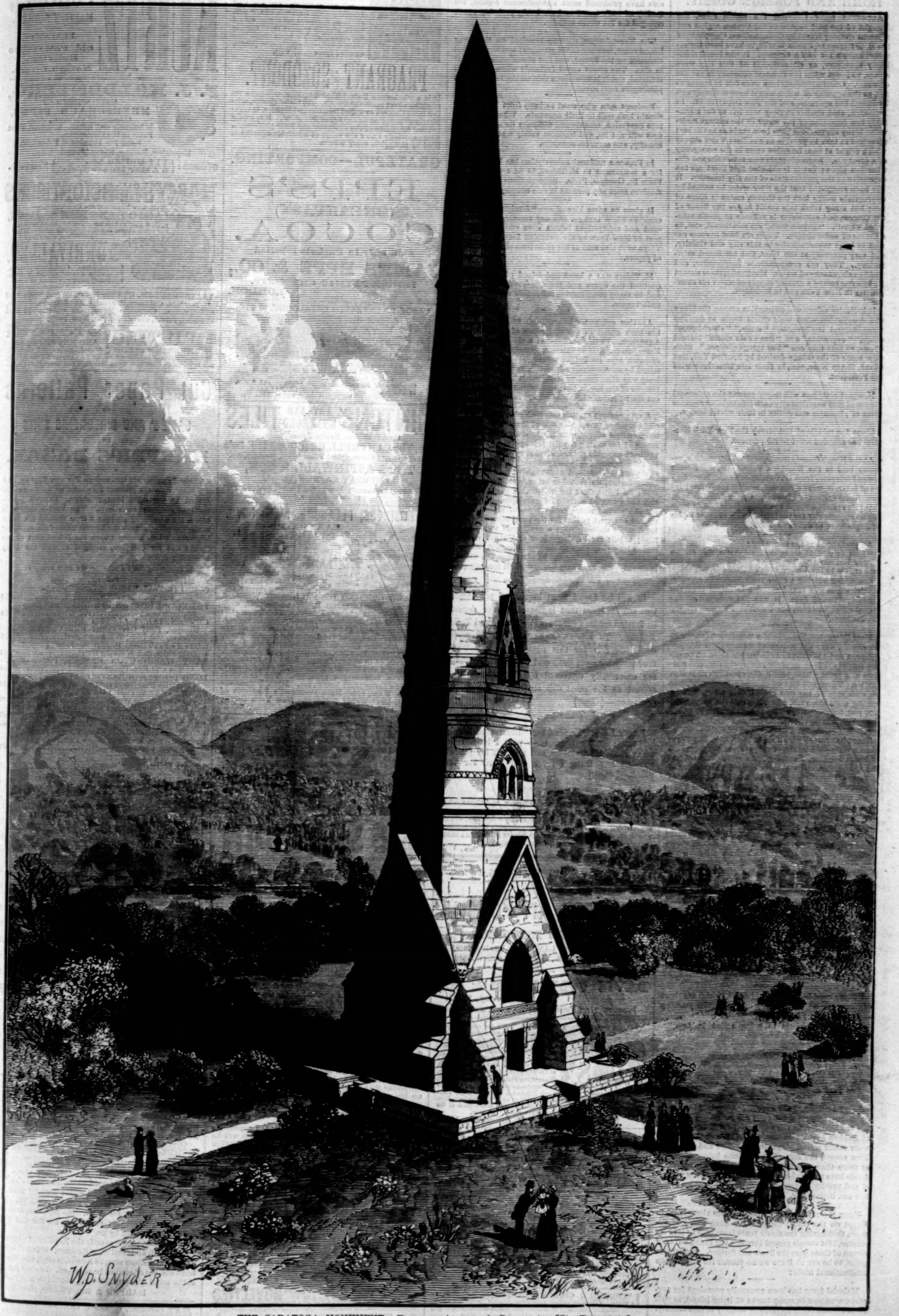
The complaint of the Oka Indians of Canada, whose house of worship was torn down by order of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Montreal, has been referred to the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin. The seminary claims the land occupied by the Indians, on patents granted in 1717 by the French government, and confirmed by the British crown. The grant carried with it the obligation of the religious training of the Indians settled upon the land. Some of the Indians have in latter years become Methodists. The point at issue is whether, in case the Indians forsake the Roman Catholic faith, the seminarists have a right to prevent the erection of a Protestant place of worship within the domain. The land on which their church was built was acquired by these Protestant Indians through purchase. The extent of seignorial rights involved in the case is a point of importance.

The Baptists of our country have lost one of their most valuable ministers in the death of the Rev. Henry C. Fish, D.D., in Newark, October 2. As a pastor he was very successful, his church in Newark having increased from less than 350 to 1198 members. Dr. Fish was a voluminous writer, his last publication being *Bible Lands Illustrated.*

The secretaries of the American Board in their annual report say that the past year was one of great trial in the Eastern mission fields, owing to the prevalence of war. Six missionaries died, and twenty-eight returned home to recruit their health. Twenty-five new missionaries, including six ladies, have been sent to foreign countries. Twenty new churches have been organized, and 1800 new members received. A very remarkable statement of this report is that throughout the Turkish Empire there have been more additions to the churches of the Board than in any former year. The whole number of missions is 17; of stations, 81; of sub-stations, 531; whole number of mission laborers, 1563. The number of churches is 256; of church members, 13,435; of training and theological schools, 16; of pupils in training schools and station classes, 551; of boarding-schools for girls, 26; of girl pupils, 827. The number of pupils in schools of all kinds under the jurisdiction of the Board is 26,962. The expenditure for the year was $426,561.



THE SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.—Photographed by Pach from Trumbull's Original Study in the Yale Art Collection.—[See Page 847.]



THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.—From the Architect's Drawings.—[See Page 847.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Although relief followed the recent rains, the drought of the past season in the Croton region and adjacent country is said by Commissioner Campbell, of the Department of Public Works, to have been the severest known for half a century. It was found absolutely necessary, as all residents of this city were aware, to insist upon the strictest economy in the use of water. Great apprehensions were felt in regard to fire, as the scarcity of water would have seriously embarrassed the operations of the Fire Department. In Brooklyn, also, similar anxiety was felt at the alarmingly low condition of the water in the storage reservoir. Many suggestions have been made as to the best measures to take to provide an auxiliary water supply which might at least be relied upon in the emergency of a great fire. Some advocate new reservoirs and distribution pipes; but it is objected that these are too expensive in the present state of the city treasury. It has been suggested that the river water be turned by appropriate works into the Croton mains in cases of fire; but many think this would injure the flavor of the Croton, and salt-water is ruinous to goods saturated with it. "Driven wells" are mentioned, also, as a source of water supply. These are used to some extent in large manufactories in this city and vicinity, and very generally at the West, and are found satisfactory. They are comparatively inexpensive, and yield an abundance of water. Manifestly, there should be by some means a greater supply of water for emergencies in New York and in Brooklyn.

It indicates a degree of civilization among the Sioux and Arrapahoes when their chiefs begin to demand "agricultural implements," "seeds," "short-horned cattle," "overcoats," and "five or six stores" instead of one, so that they can "buy things cheaper." Such were some of the things desired by Spotted Tail, Red Cloud, Sharp Nose, etc., in their late interviews with the President.

Newport cottagers will linger among the autumnal glories of that beautiful city until late October reminds them of pleasures and duties in their winter homes.

Since the middle of last March the New York Hospital has afforded relief to 639 patients.

At the King's County Sunday-school Convention, recently held in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, there were present delegates from 191 Sunday-schools. Many topics of interest were discussed, among them the "international system" of lessons. One speaker thought that this system covered too long a period, thus leaving no opportunity for the introduction of other topics of importance to Sunday-schools.

An exchange has the following:

> "Lost or mislaid, an equinoctial storm, due on the 20th of last month. The finder will please return the said article to the United States Signal-office."

Something bearing a close resemblance to an equinoctial storm was found about a fortnight after the above-mentioned date. It was not returned to the Signal-office, however, but distributed around among the destitute.

Near Greenville, Tennessee, a monument is soon to be erected over the graves of ex-President Andrew Johnson and his wife, by order of his heirs. The entire height of the structure is twenty-six feet, and consists of a granite base, plinth, die, and shaft of Italian marble. There will be two granite piers erected, one on each side of the two graves, over which will be sprung a granite arch, and upon this the monument will rest, leaving an opening under the arch in which the graves will be visible.

There has recently been on exhibition in San Francisco a mammoth bunch of grapes from the great vine of Santa Barbara, a cutting from which was sent to the Centennial. The vine is sixteen years old, and produces annually from 10,000 to 12,000 pounds of grapes. This special cluster, exhibited in San Francisco, weighed 125 pounds, was six feet in circumference, and three feet long. Probably this is the biggest bunch of grapes on record.

As an artist and as a true woman, Theresa Titiens will be sincerely mourned, not only in England, where she long lived, amid a large circle of admiring friends, but in this country, and wherever her voice has been heard and her character known. Her death, in the full maturity of her powers, is a loss to art not easily to be repaired. She was a native of Germany, and her family name Tietjens, which was changed to the French form after she became famous. When only fifteen, she appeared on the operatic stage of her native city—Hamburg; and from that time until her failing health prevented, she had constant engagements. In Norma, Lucrezia Borgia, Valentine, and other characters, she was simply unrivaled. Those who heard her during her recent visit to this country will long remember her pure, rich, sympathetic voice.

Editors must have plenty of leisure, or else are short of news, when they can keep up such smart punning as the following:

> "Cincinnati objects to being called Porkopolis. Swine not?"—*New York Herald.*
> "Pig-cause."—*Norristown Herald.*
> "Hogo'way."—*Hawkeye.*
> "Don't shoat-emper."—*Boston Post.*
> "A ham! don't be sau-sage."—*Boston Traveller.*
> "This is too bad, sow 'tis. Tripe-punning on some other city—Chic-hog-o, for instance. Roaster again."—*New York Evening Mail.*

Large sections of the Argentine Republic have been devastated by fearful rains and floods. At one time during the summer, in the southern part of the province of Buenos Ayres, two hundred leagues of the country were under water. The loss in cattle and sheep has been severe, the loss of sheep alone being estimated at more than two millions. The sufferers from the floods have received cordial assistance from the national and provincial governments, as well as from societies and individuals.

From the report of the United States vice-consul in Egypt on the traffic through the Suez Canal, it appears that during the seven years from 1870 to 1876 inclusive, 7584 vessels passed through the canal, but only eleven of these bore the Stars and Stripes. Rather singular, to be sure. Have we no vessels for carrying on international trade?

Malarial fever has been unusually prevalent for several weeks past in many towns of Long Island, as well as in various other sections of country in this vicinity. Defective drainage and lack of proper sanitary precautions are, no doubt, the chief causes. The unusual scarcity of water which existed for many weeks must also have produced most unwholesome results, the quality of both water and air being probably much changed for the worse thereby.

The *Massachusetts*, recently wrecked on the Long Island coast, was one of the strongest and handsomest steamers on the Sound, and few steamboats exceed it in size. The storm raged furiously when the vessel stranded, and it is marvelous that all the two hundred passengers were saved.

Business men who want to keep from bankruptcy should look well to their accounts. When these get into confusion, trouble and difficulty lie ahead. Figures will not lie, and business safety rests in honor, honesty, and accurate accounts.

In France a national subscription has been opened for a monument to M. Thiers, to be erected in the Place St. Georges, Paris. Subscriptions will also be received from any persons in this country.

It gives us some idea of our "foreign correspondence" to know that on one day recently thirty thousand and thirty-eight letters were carried from the port of New York by the outgoing foreign steamers. There were also sent at the same time eighty-two bags of papers.

M. Thiers was a lover and friend of art. He frequented the opera and the Conservatoire concerts, and in many cases befriended artists who were ill or unfortunate.

Another octopus—the devil-fish of Victor Hugo—has been added to the curiosities of the New York Aquarium. In this connection a statement in a San Francisco paper is of interest, namely, that a Victoria dispatch says an Indian woman, while bathing, was seized by an octopus, or devil-fish, and drowned. The body was discovered by Indians next day lying at the bottom of the bay in the grasp of the octopus. They cut the tentacles and recovered the body.

A very curious auction sale took place in New York city a week or two ago—a sale of inventions. Among the novelties offered were the following: a tread-mill arranged for sifting the dirt from potatoes while harvesting; a double pocket, divided by a deceptive flap, for the purpose of deluding pickpockets; an improved slop pail; an improved dish-washer; an atmospheric churn-dasher, warranted to bring butter in three minutes; an instrument for moistening postage-stamps and the gummed surface of envelopes. A machine for sharpening slate-pencils brought $1000; an improved overcoat pocket for the protection of a lady's hand while walking with a gentleman was sold for $350; a bolt for locking upper and lower window-sashes by a single operation went for $425, while an "adjuster" for opening the blinds when the window is closed, without raising the sash, sold for only $90.

It will be found upon inquiry of representative storekeepers that ladies no longer depend on foreign makers for their Perfumery and Toilet Articles. To Messrs. Colgate & Co. the credit is largely due for this new departure. Their Cashmere Bouquet Soap and Violet Toilet Water are universally esteemed by the tasteful and refined as the most delicate and recherché of perfumes.—[*Com.*]

Frank Leslie, Esq., of the "Illustrated Weekly," says: "For some time past I have been using *Burnett's Cocoaine*, and think it far preferable to any thing I have ever used for the hair."—[*Com.*]

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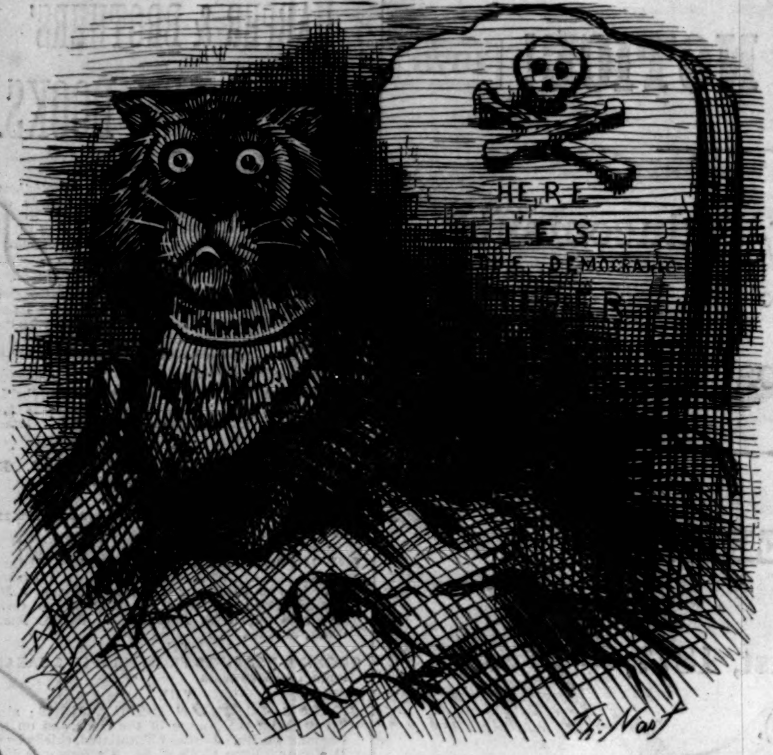

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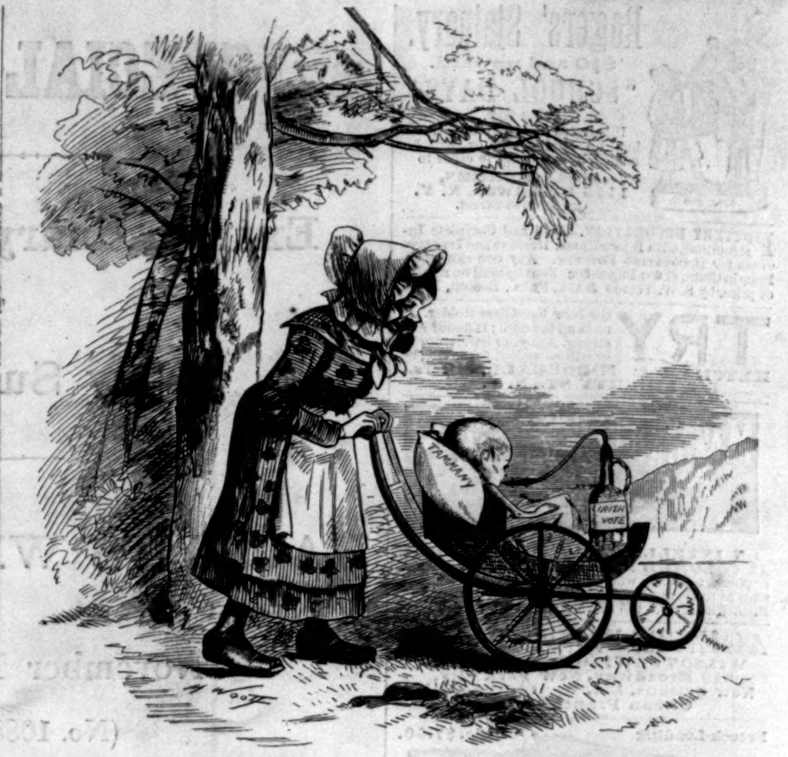
> Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
> To cast thee up again!"—Shakespeare.



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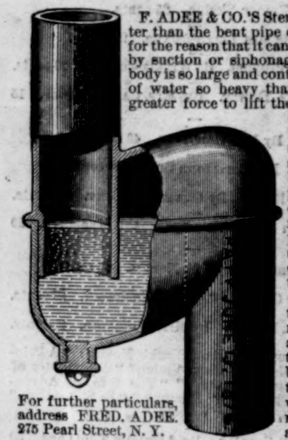

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The reputation of Harper's as the great national magazine has been fully maintained, not only by the able and effectively-illustrated papers on the principal events of our Revolution which have been celebrated this year at Oriskany, Bennington, and Saratoga, but also by such contributions as Gladstone's Letter to Minister Schenck, Macaulay's Letters to Randall, McClellan's paper on our Regular Army, Morse's on our Civil Service, and other important articles.

Dr. J. W. Draper's entertaining and instructive series of papers, "A Popular Exposition of Some Scientific Experiments," will be continued. Mrs. Mary Treat will also contribute articles as interesting as those on ornithological and botanical subjects which have already appeared from her pen in recent Numbers.

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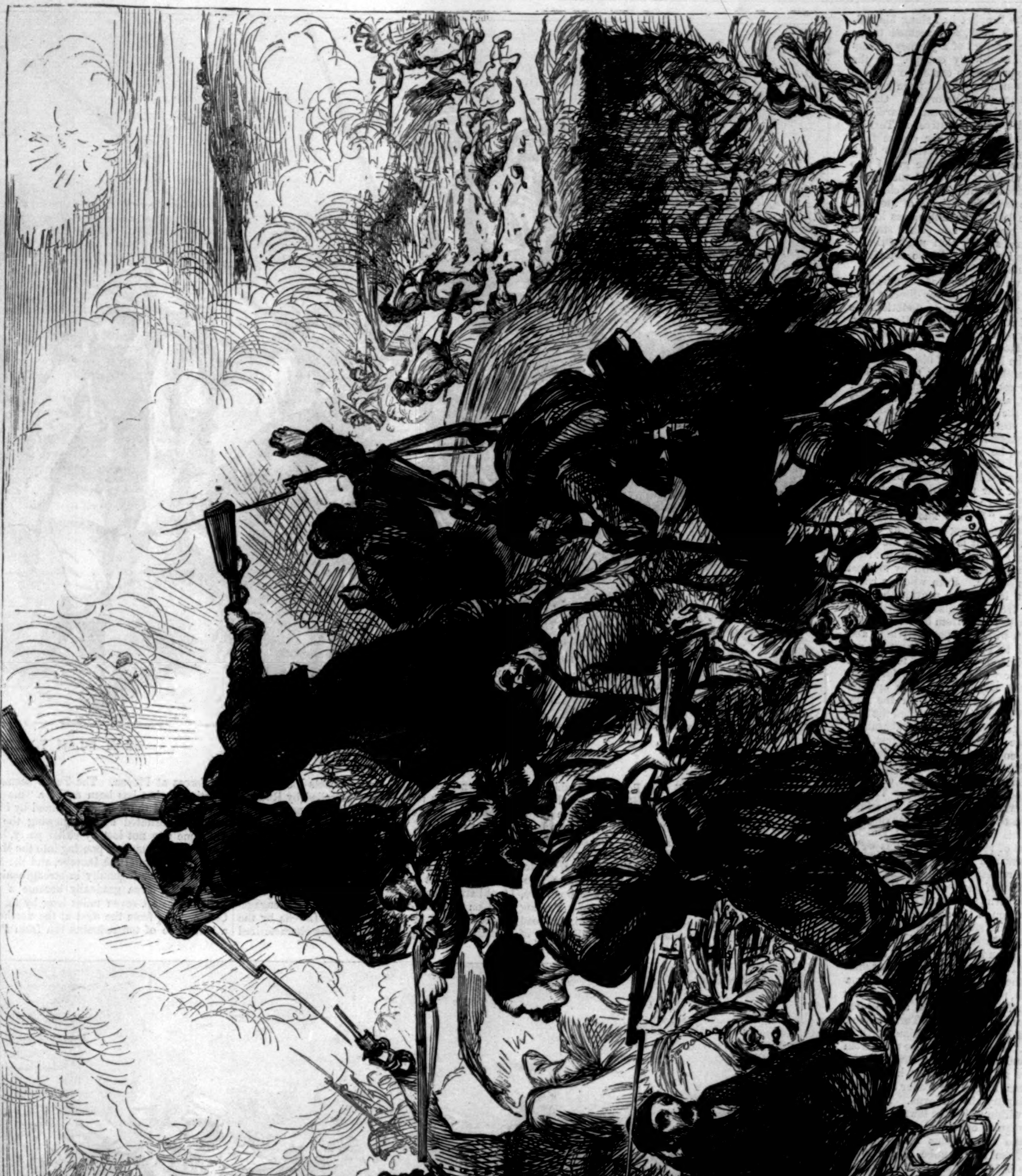
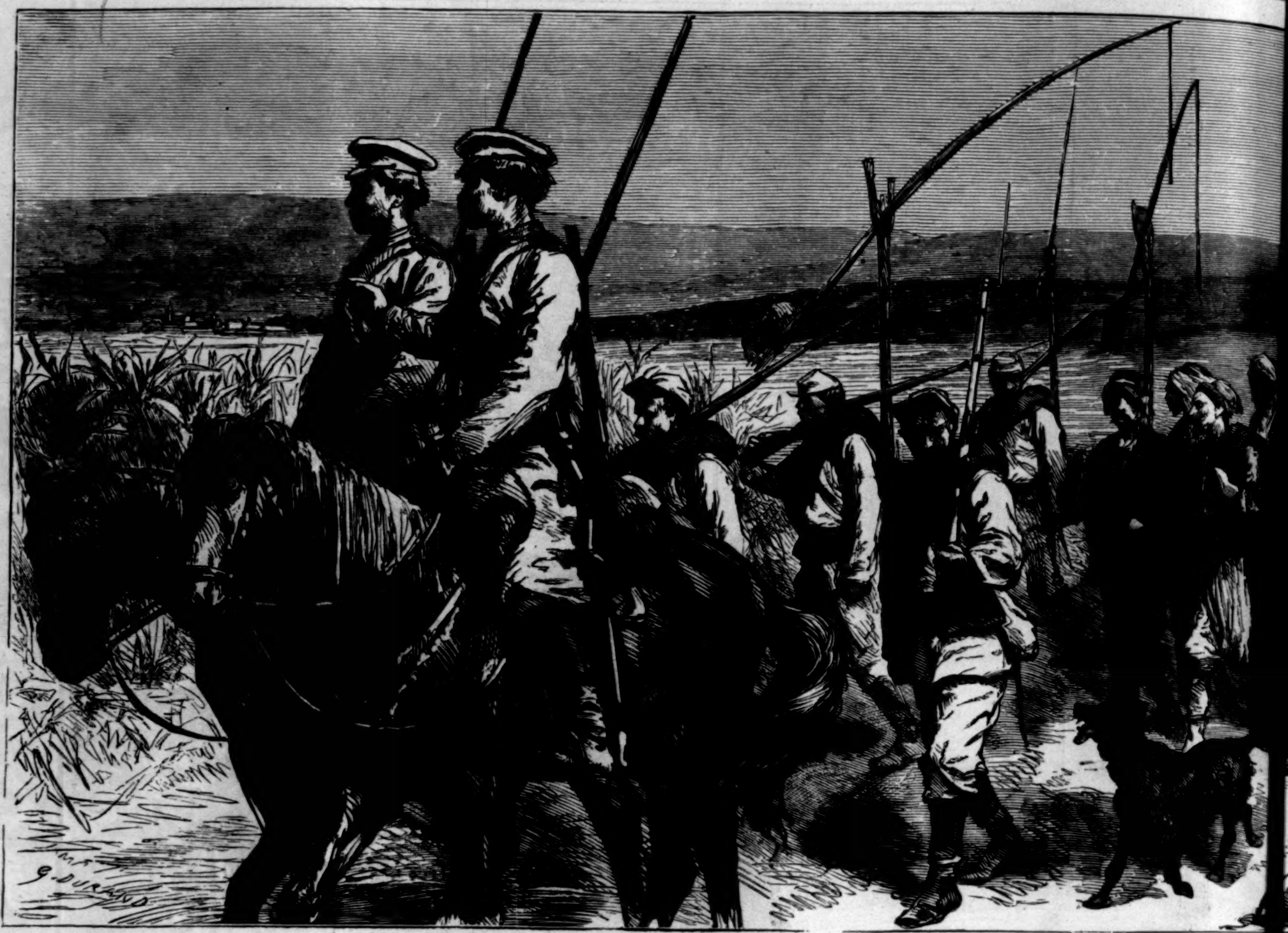


THE BATTLE OF KARAHASANKOI—TURKISH INFANTRY STORMING THE FIRST LINE OF RUSSIAN TRENCHES.

THE EASTERN WAR.

On this page we give a striking illustration of the gallant fighting done by the Turkish infantry at Karahasankoi. This battle, our readers will remember, took place on the 30th of August, and was most fully described in the last issue of the *Weekly*. The occasion is the storming of the first line of Russian trenches, and the engraving serves to show the reckless fury with which the Turks will frequently attack an enemy's position. The Turkish "nefer," or common soldier, is by nature and tradition warlike. He believes it is the destiny of the Ottoman race to conquer the world, and he is easily stirred by an appeal to his religious fanaticism to undergo the greatest hardships in the sacred cause. The nefer also longs for war as an opportunity for living at the expense of a conquered country on better fare and in greater comfort than he can ever do in times of peace. At the same time, he is able to live upon food so scanty that almost any other than a Turk would starve to death upon it. By nature he is submissive to authority, and yet the obedience rendered seems to be a combination of Oriental laziness and apathy. He goes to battle believing in Kismet, or Fate, and encounters the enemy's bullets with a stolid indifference, convinced that it matters not whether he is exposed to one shot or a million, and that he will stand or fall according as it has been predestined by Allah.

The fanatical fury with which the Moslem fights is only to be equalled by his stoicism when called upon to endure the miseries of capture and imprisonment. Neither is there much sympathy expressed for the sufferings of the victims by those who are fortunate enough to escape a similar fate. A correspondent writing from Tirnova says: "This morning about two hundred prisoners, men, women, and children, whom it has been thought advisable for numerous reasons to keep in bonds, were directed toward Sistova and the Danube. They were a picturesque although uninteresting group of beggars. They filed briskly along, bound together between the good-natured soldiers, who seemed to regard them with a kind of sturdy contempt. An old ulema, whose skin was like parchment, and whose long gray and green robes and white turban were rather imposing, hobbled beside some very ordinary-looking fellows, who seemed quite capable of any small murders or cheap massacres. The venerable fol-



FROM ISLAM TO THE LAND OF THE GIAOUR-

lower of the Prophet had slung his wallet about his neck, and seemed to be taking the prospect of a journey to Roumania philosophically enough. In the rear of the procession came two or three Turkish women, enveloped from head to foot in garments of mourning. One of them, an old lady, who could hardly be considered a representative of Turkish culture, judging from her coarse face, which she showed from time to time, was the only person in the group who took the slightest notice of the people gathered around them. A little child, old enough to bear the fatigues of the journey, came last. The Bulgarians looked upon the confusion and pitiful state of their enemies with that mild Oriental disdain and silence which so astonishes Western nations."

Again, we hear a story of a middle-aged captain who was on his way directly from Widdin to Constantinople, doubtless the bearer of important news. He was attacked by some wandering Cossacks, and compelled to surrender after a sharp fight in which he killed two of his antagonists. The Cossacks, preferring to take him alive, did not avenge the murder of their comrades, and the prisoner was safely lodged at the *kouak* or government-house. Here he positively refused to give any details concerning his mission. When questioned, he simply replied, "I don't know," and shook his head solemnly. On being informed that he would be sent as prisoner of war to Russia, the only response elicited was a repetition of the same words, "I don't know," together with a corresponding movement of the head. And yet it is said that the Turkish soldier suffers terribly from that curious form of disease known by medical men as nostalgia. Even when in camp little care is taken to provide the men far away from their places of birth with news or with letters from home. Months often pass without a post arriving; and it is said to be not infrequent to see strong, vigorous men refuse to eat and drink, and cry like children for furlough.

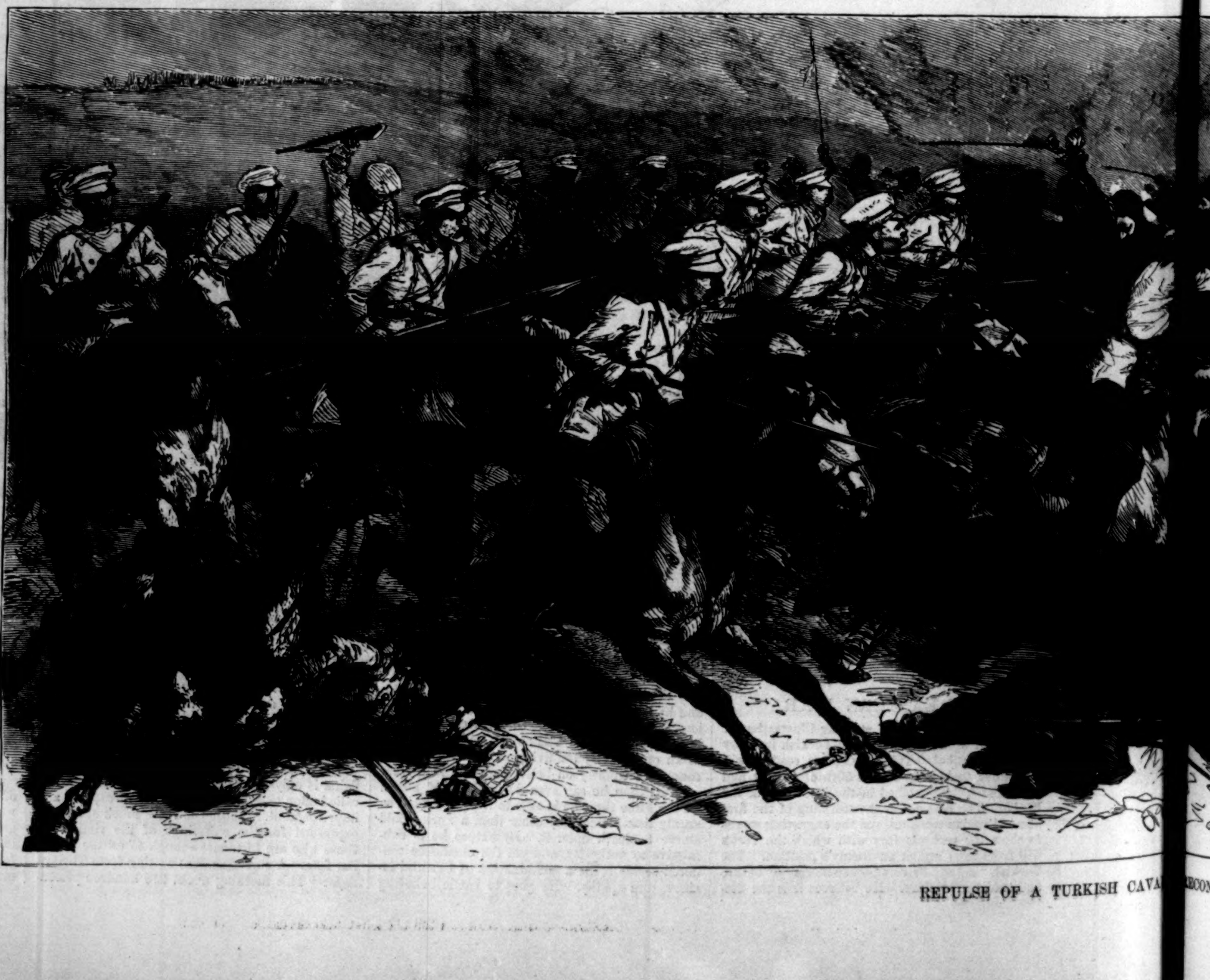
The 30th day of the month appears to be an unfortunate date for the Russians. We have just mentioned the fact that the terrible rout at Karahasankoi took place on the 30th of August, and now the engraving which occupies the lower half of our double page recalls the great defeat at Plevna, which occurred on the 30th and 31st of July. The movements about Plevna up to that date were faithfully described in the article accompanying an illustration of this important battle, published in a recent issue of the *Weekly*. To this we must refer our readers, and take up the thread of the story after the retreat of the Russians, at which time the position of the two armies was as follows: Opposite Plevna stood the Fourth and Ninth corps and a division of the eleventh corps. A division of Roumanians stood between Nicopolis and Plevna, while a Russian force of 100,000 men occupied the ground between Plevna and Biela. The Turks occupied a position somewhat to the east of the road from Plevna to Lovcha, marked by the villages of Grivitza, Radisovo, Tuchenitsa, and Setova. The advanced posts of the Turkish flank also held Verbitza and Brislan, north of Grivitza, Grivitza being twelve miles from Setova and ten miles from Brislan.

Before going any further, however, it will be well to give the reader some idea of the country about Plevna. The tract of land within which the town is situated is an irregular oblong plateau lying between the rivers Osma and Vid. Its length from the Danube to the Kodji Balkans is 150 versts. It is bounded on the west by the river Vid, on the east by the Osma, on the north by the Danube, on the south by the Kodji Balkans. The river Vid takes its rise in the Kodji Balkans. From it flow two principal streams, the Black and the White Vid. At the distance of fifteen versts from their source the Black and White Vid mingle and form the river known as the Vid. The main course of the Vid is from south to north; and this river, though it winds considerably, is not so erratic as either the Jantra or the Osma. The Vid flows for a distance of 150 versts, and receives the waters of many minor streams, especially on the side of the right bank. This river with its tributaries flows through deep passes amidst high and rugged hills, then takes a turn in a northeasterly direction, to which it adheres for about thirty-five versts, *i. e.*, to the small town of Kozarbelini. At this point the Osma, having made almost a complete circle, turns to the northwest. As it approaches the Danube about seven versts short of the small town of Turkomeela, it takes a straight course from south to north, and falls into the Danube west of Nicopolis. In this way the Osma, in the middle of its course, from Lovcha to Turkomeela, makes a considerable circle, the arc of which faces the east. The tract of country lying within this circle has for its intersecting line the river Vid, and for its centre Plevna.

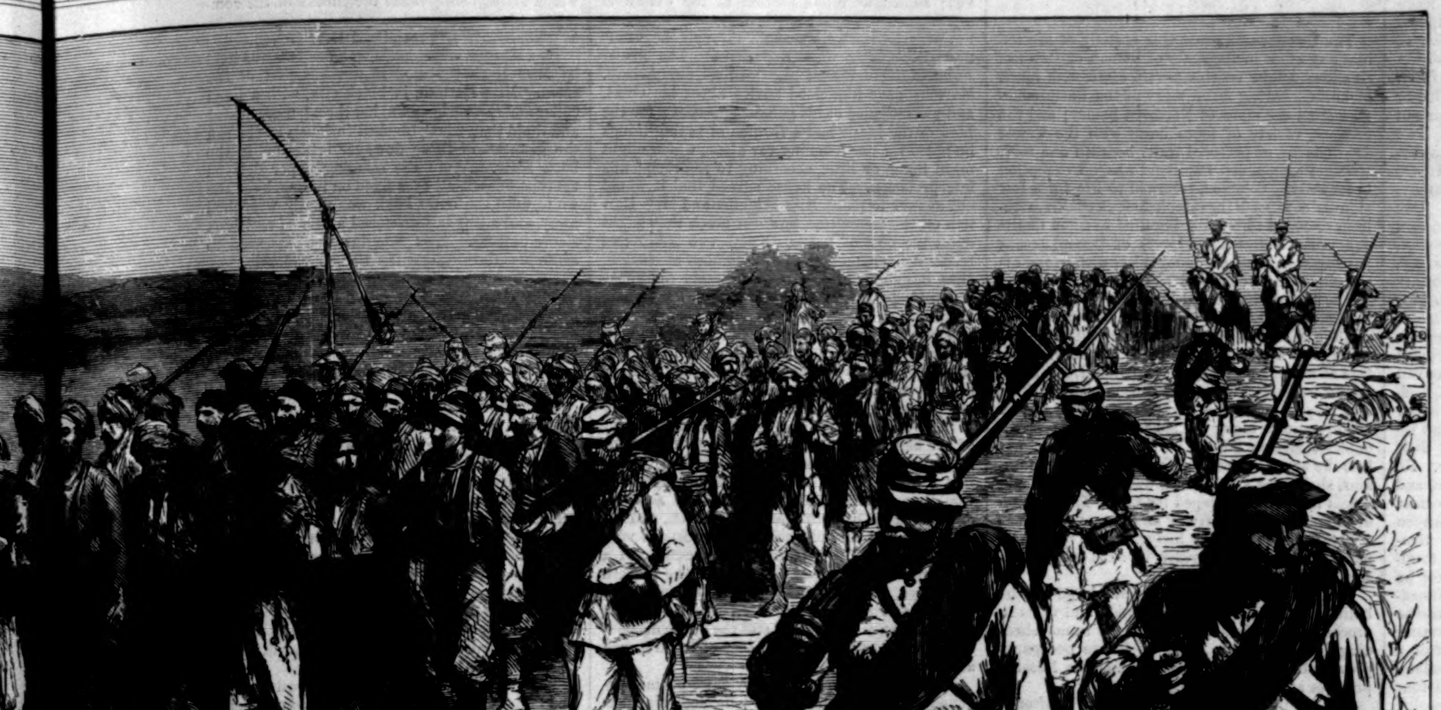
The cross-roads which connect the Osma and the Vid are six in number. The most important of these is the large road leading from Biela through Bulgaria to Plevna. From Bulgaria it goes west along the valley of the Osma until it is met by the small river Poradim, on which lies the village of Neredintsa (Radenitsa). Passing in a westerly direction, after leaving the valley for the higher ground, the road goes round the villages of Veena, Karagacha, Palasa, and Grivitza. It then descends into the Plevna valley. On the right of the road lie Zerkalovitsa, Tristenik (Turkish), Koulovitsa, Palats, Verbitsa Bookova; on the left, Radenitsa, Sooleimandere, Poradim, Egalevitsa, and Radisovo. Passing through Plevna and over the river Vid, this road then turns to the southwest in the direction of the town of Orkhania, and connects Plevna with Sophia. This road is now patrolled by Russian cavalry, cutting off the retreat of Osman Pasha in that direction.

The disastrous battle of July 31 was followed by a period of paralysis that endured for nearly ten weeks, so far as the armies in the neighborhood of Plevna were concerned. Several important battles took place in the vicinity of the Lom, and on the 4th of September a severe engagement resulted in the capture of Lovcha by the Russians, but a general immobility characterized the forces at Plevna. The Turks seemed to be practicing what has been called a "masterly inactivity," and the Russians, warned by bitter experience, hesitated about renewing the attack. The time was not lost by either party, however. Re-enforcements were pouring into the Muscovite camp from beyond the Danube, and the Moslems exhausted their ingenuity in strengthening their defenses. Plevna gradually became a vast intrenched camp, seven miles long by three wide. Commencing from the west at the northern end, a horseshoe of ten redoubts ran from Plisiza to

Grivitza, which was
point of the line of
horseshoe, and from
doubts was again ext
Radisovo, and then
To the west of Plevna
town, were erected fo
fourteen in all, to cove
road. Thus Plisiza
western butt of the s
toe, and the hill to the
a mile and a half from



REPULSE OF A TURKISH CAVA



IAOUR— RKISH PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO RUSSIA.

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line of nse, or the toe of the
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of Plevna the heights above the
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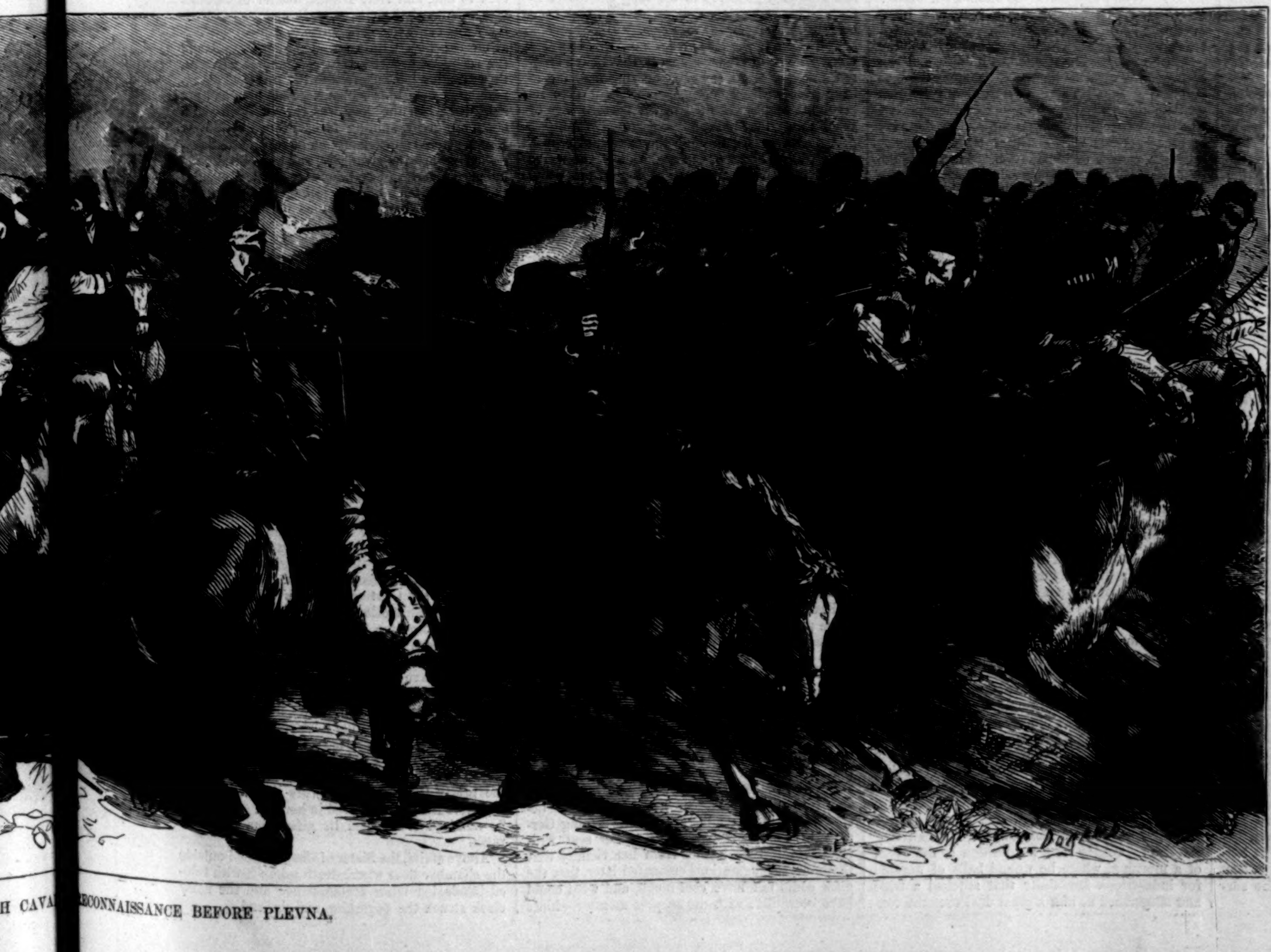
Plisiza e the northern and
of the s Grivitza its salient or
hill to the of Plevna, and about
half fro the southwestern butt

of the shoe. There were thus fourteen redoubts or batteries in all, forming in an inner and an outer circle one intrenched camp, which 100,000 men might apparently hold forever. In opposition to this, the Russians established counter-batteries round the position in a semicircle for the shelter of their troops while under fire.

The long-delayed attack upon Plevna began by a vigorous cannonade directed toward the Turkish redoubts during the first week in September, and on the evening of Thursday, the 6th, the Russian forces took up their position before the town. This army (without going into details) comprised the Ninth Corps, still under the command of Baron Krüdener, 18,000 men; the Fourth Corps, General Kryloff (Zotoff, the old commander, being now chief of the Roumanian staff) commanding, 20,000 men; one brigade of Meretinsky's division and one brigade of the Third Division, each numbering 6000 men; the Fourth Rifle Brigade, 3000 men; the two Roumanian divisions of 14,000 men each, completing the force of infantry to 80,000 bayonets. The cavalry consisted of the Fourth and Ninth Cavalry Divisions and one brigade of the Eleventh Division, numbering 5000 sabres; two Roumanian divisions, 4000, and a portion of the Imperial Escort, bringing up the total to 10,000 horsemen. The number of field-guns was not given, but it is stated that 250 25-centimeter guns of position accompanied the force. The Roumanians occupied the right, where Krüdener fought on July 31—the strongest portion of the Turkish position—while the Russian forces were distributed more to the southward, where Schakofsky made his rash and disastrous advance. Opposite Grivitza were placed the Fifth Division (Ninth Corps), flanked on the left by the Thirty-first Division (Ninth Corps) and the Thirtieth Division (Fourth Corps). The line was then taken up by the Sixteenth Division, stretching round to Bagot on the Plevna-Lovcha road. By this road, after detaching a brigade to Trajan, due south of Lovcha, Meretinsky marched northward with one brigade of his own division, one brigade of the Third Division, and the tirailleurs, thus increasing the strength of the left flank.

The first assault was made by the Russians on Tuesday, the 11th. The morning broke with rain, which soon settled down into a dense mist, through which objects were invisible at a hundred yards. At ten o'clock, however, the fog lifted somewhat, and by eleven General Skobeleff advanced upon the Sophia redoubts. Within a short distance he encountered a party of Turks, who sallied out to meet him. He beat them back, but could make no headway for two hours under the awful fire from the earth-works. During this time the Russian loss was heavy, but the men were not disheartened, and the attack was renewed at four o'clock. On this occasion General Skobeleff brought his troops down the slope of the mountain to within easy range. As the Turks opened fire upon him from the redoubt, he returned it with steadiness and precision, keeping his men as much as possible under cover, and pouring a steady stream of shell and canister into the redoubt from the cannon he had brought with him. In fact, he worked his cannon so vigorously that several of the pieces were spoiled. After three hours' fighting an assault was determined upon. General Skobeleff himself led the charge. Putting himself at the head of the column, he dashed forward on horseback. He picked up the stragglers; he reached the wavering, fluctuating mass, and gave it the inspiration of his own courage and instruction. He picked the whole mass up, and carried it forward with a rush and a cheer. The whole redoubt was a mass of flame and smoke, from which screams, shouts, and cries of agony and defiance arose, with the deep-mouthed bellowing of the cannon, and above all the steady, awful crash of that deadly rifle fire. Skobeleff's sword was cut in two in the middle. Then a moment later, when just on the point of leaping the ditch, horse and man rolled together to the ground, the horse dead or wounded, the rider untouched. He sprang to his feet with a shout; then, with a formidable, savage yell, the whole mass of men streamed over the ditch, over the scarp and counterscarp, over the parapet, and swept into the redoubt like a hurricane. Their bayonets made short work of the Turks still remaining. Then a joyous cheer told that the redoubt was captured, and that at last one of the defenses of Plevna was in the hands of the Russians. While such fighting as this was going on in one part of the field, a like activity was shown elsewhere. About one o'clock a large body of troops belonging to General Zotoff's corps attacked the centre redoubt on the south side, one and a half miles from Radisovo. The attack was repulsed by a rifle fire, after lasting ninety minutes. It was renewed again at 4 P.M. Twelve battalions of Russians advanced with the most splendid and devoted bravery right up to the ditch, carrying scaling-ladders. They surrounded the redoubt on three sides, and hung on to it magnificently. At 4.45 o'clock they were actually in the redoubt, but nothing mortal could face the fire from the repeating rifles. They were destroyed by hundreds at a few paces. At 4.52 the survivors fell slowly back. The Roumanians at the same time, under the personal observation of the Emperor, three times assaulted the most salient central redoubt, lower down than Grivitza, but were always beaten back. Their scaling-ladder parties were killed on the counterscarp of the ditch to the last officer and man. At 5 P.M. the assault had been repulsed along the whole line, and very few reserves remained in hand. News was brought to the Czar at daybreak on Wednesday that at seven on Tuesday evening two fresh Russian brigades had carried the redoubt where the Roumanians had been repulsed in the afternoon, and after sustaining a counter-attack from the Turks, followed them up and took the next redoubt also.

On Wednesday the fortunes of war underwent a change. The two redoubts on the southwestern road were attacked by the Turks. The battle began at sunrise, and lasted the whole of the day. The first desperate attack was repulsed with great slaughter; but the Turks, nothing disheartened, rallied quickly. Then followed another attack and another repulse, and this continued until the Turks had attacked and been beaten five successive times. The correspondent of the London *Daily News*, to whom we are indebted for a graphic account of this day's work, gives the follow description of the state of affairs among the Russians: "The Russian losses were becoming fearful. General Skobeleff had lost, he thinks, 2000 men in attacking the re-



H CAVA RECONNAISSANCE BEFORE PLEVNA.